

Spare Rib

news magazine October 1972

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**Here she is at 2
—at 20 she's on
heroin**



**Hung up on the
clothesline—
behind the
fashion scene**

**Will Hamling M.P.
says patience is a vice**

Profile of a lady motorcyclist

Short story for you to continue



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We had a great many letters from people sympathising with Fran Fogarty after her article in issue two on the plight of the single girl alone in a pub. Here are some extracts from three of the letters.

Fran Fogarty isn't alone in her liking for pubs and her troubles therein. I've been conducting my own little battle in that field for about 10 years now. It was a real struggle but I'm now accepted in a number of pubs and am buying pints of beer not Bloody Mary's—that's too easy and anyway, I prefer beer. Elizabeth Hill:

As a fellow lush, I don't enjoy drinking alone either, but on the not-too-rare occasions when no one else is around here's how I deal with those ill-intentioned males. I pretend they're reasonably intelligent and explain that I fancy a drink on my way home—but that I've got a lot to think about, so please don't disturb. Occasionally, I've made some good drinking acquaintances—anyway, can't you play darts?

Nicky Hepworth:
I have often longed for a drink on the way home from work, but to have a drink on your own is just not worth it. You really are made to feel like a creature from another planet. So why can't brewers have bars for women staffed by really dishy/cosy/fatherly/understanding barmen who we could pour out our troubles to?

J. Tee:

WHY AREN'T MORE WOMEN
LIBERATED?



Dear Spare Rib,
Following your feature on 'Pubs and the single girl', you may be interested in an evening I spent around the Leeds pubs. I was teaching in a large comprehensive school, and when my husband was away working for a couple of weeks, I decided to go out with two of the single girls on the staff. Colette, an Irish girl from Newcastle, had been trying to persuade Sue to go out drinking with her for ages, but Sue, feeling all that Fran Fogarty describes, would never go. With me as a third (some kind of chaperone? symbol of marital stability?) she was persuaded. I have often gone into pubs

In Our Own Write

alone, usually to meet my husband, who is sometimes late, but have never got over the nervousness of anticipated reaction as I walk in. Colette, though was splendid. She KNOWS she has an equal right to be and drink in a pub without a male escort and uses aggression to forestall any attempt at pickups. The first pub we entered was a Tetleys and the row of faces at the bar was paralleled by a red-coated row of huntsmen — Tetleys Bittermen — on panels above the bar. Colette allowed no time for a reaction. As I ordered drinks she fixed her eyes on each man as she passed on her way to an empty table saying, 'Are you a Tetleys Bitterman? Are you? What are you doing tonight?' loudly enough for the whole room to hear. The men's faces (and Sue's and mine) went redder than the hunting coats and they were speechless with embarrassment. We all sat down and just as the men were recovering sufficiently to start staring, Colette gazed round the room pointedly, saying in a loud confidence to me — 'I'll have that one, and that one, and that one.' It was enough. No one dared to look in our direction for fear of catching Colette's eye, and after a while I think everyone forgot we were there.

Sue and I had been both amazed and incredibly embarrassed at these tactics and wished ourselves anywhere but with Colette; but by the time we reached the third pub and realised that after the first shock we were left well and truly alone, we began to enter into the spirit of it all.

We didn't pick anybody up and I haven't the nerve to use this technique myself, but with Colette for company we had a trouble-free and quite hilarious evening.

With best wishes for the success of the magazine.

Catherine Kiddle

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!



Dear Spare Rib,
Re. Mary Stott's article 'To love, honour and obey', she argues that a lifelong, monogamous marriage is the best way of getting through our stressful life. This pre-supposes that life is stressful or that the individual is surrounded by a hostile environment.

This premise is, to me, very frightening. Although I cannot deny that a partner is a great support, I do not want to be so paranoid or distrustful that I must depend on him (her) as a defence against the rest of society. I would see this subject debated further in Spare Rib, together with Bertrand Russell's suggestion that we limit our negative emotion jealousy, rather than the positive one of loving. In any case, stress is a pathogenic condition it has no evolutionary advantages. We would do well to consider 'why stress'?

Yours sincerely

N.D. Jarvis
20 Ashley Road
Montpelier
Bristol 6.

MOST OF THEM LEAD LIVES
OF TOTAL SUPPRESSION.



Dear Spare Rib,
In your first edition there was an article on pensions. In this you stated that an old lady only had £6 per week to live on after paying her rent and lived mainly on banana sandwiches.

I don't think this can be the whole truth. Allowing, say, £2 for fuel and £1 to put by for clothes, she would have £3 to spend on food. I feed four adults and one child on less than £3 per week. We are adequately fed and are seldom ill.

I think it would be true to say that this lady, having nursed her husband for ten years, had been unable to cope when he died. He had probably been her reason for keeping on and once he was gone she just didn't bother any more. After all, there must be plenty of

mothers feeding school children on less than £3 per week.

Yours faithfully

D. Morley

152 Woolwich Road
Bexleyheath, Kent

NO WONDER THEY DON'T
FEEL FULFILLED!



Dear Spare Rib

I hope you are open-minded enough to print another view on leucotomy, as the piece by Frances Howard-Gordon certainly needs some correction.

Firstly, Dr. Breggin was not ignored in this country. Apart from considerable time on BBC Television, he has had a half-page in the Guardian and space in the Sunday Times, at the least.

Secondly, he has not done any 'research'; his activities are a form of journalistic gimmickery which have no relation to scientific investigation.

Thirdly, it is totally false to state that such operations are done 'indiscriminately', in this country. They are done as a last resort, when all other recognised means of treatment have failed and when the patient is still seriously distressed or incapacitated by symptoms such as obsessions or deep depression, which cannot be relieved. They are done in this country only with the free consent of the patient (without 'pressures') and the agreement of his nearest relatives. It is also untrue that 'women, children and old people constitute the majority of patients' in this country; it is unknown in children and rare in old people. In adult patients, there may be a small majority of women, reflecting their greater tendency to develop severe depression; to suggest that this is to make them 'better housekeepers' is carrying the womens' lib bit to absurdity.

Fourthly, it is also totally untrue that the outcome of present-day modified operations is 'basically the same' as that of the original standard operation. Relief can now be obtained in nearly all suitable cases with minimal adverse changes; almost every form of medical treatment requires a

similar judgement as to the likely balance of positive and negative effects. In these cases, the stakes are high because the conditions are very severe and otherwise incurable.

Fifthly, to suggest that Mr. Geoffrey Knight was advocating leucotomy as an alternative to better housing for the elderly is utter nonsense.

Frances Howard-Gordon clearly knows nothing about the psychiatric problems of old people. It is also totally irrelevant that not more than 59 out of 350 of Mr. Knight's patients had had psychotherapy before surgery. The conditions for which leucotomy is indicated are alike in all being completely resistant to psychotherapy of any form.

Finally, to quote the Soviet Union as a model of ethical psychiatry, after the recent revelations about the use of mental hospitals there to deal with political dissidents, makes nonsense of the whole alleged exposure.

Dr. Hugh Freeman
Consultant Psychiatrist
14 St. John Street
Manchester M3 4DZ

WHY DON'T THEY TAKE THE
SEXUAL INITIATIVE SOMETIMES?



Dear Spare Rib,
We are desperately in need of helpers for our special therapeutic community centre which is based on the need which one girl has, for a secure and stable group of people whom she can relate to in an ongoing way for a 3 to 4 month period. She is a person who has suffered exceptional psychological destruction; out of terror, she developed an almost completely total split in her being and spent the first 24 years of her life effectively isolated from human contact, relating to other people only from a false front.

2 years ago she discovered and undid the split in her being. She realised that this split was what had caused the crippling depressions she had been suffering from, and that it was actually destroying the life inside her. She is now more or less completely real, but in terrible pain and terror from the long isolation she has suffered. If we can provide the environment which is needed,

In Our Own Write

with 4 or 5 people staying around nearly all of the time for a 3 or 4 month period, she will be able to build the bridge she needs to connect her real self to other human life, and grow to become a completely whole person. This growth is something her survival depends on; she is now out of mental hospital for the first time in 4 years, but she is unable to live independently in her present state, and is likely to be destroyed by hospital if she returns.

The helpers will need to be able to do things like cooking and cleaning, as well as being there for contact and emotional support. The girl has to be able to be as dependent on these people as she needs to be. The helpers are likely to have an experience of very real and honest, and probably quite warm contact, both with the girl we are helping, and with one another.

If any reader of Spare Rib would be able and willing to help us, we would like them to write to us as soon as possible at the above address.

Best wishes
Caroline Sherwood
82 Acre Lane.
London SW2

Dear Spare Rib,
With reference to your second issue men will also visit prostitutes as long as they continue to want to explore their environment, and little more, like Kafka and James Joyce and me,
yours Phillip Hodson
Editor, Curious Magazine
41-43 Wardour Street,
London W.1.

WHY DON'T THEY PROVE THEY'RE
NOT SUBSERVIENT TO MEN?



Dear Spare Rib,
You've got it wrong about the Sunday Times and the Germaine Greer piece on abortion. It wasn't that we didn't dare to print it. We didn't care to. Much as we admire Miss Greer, we felt that this piece wasn't up to her

usual standard. She had already written two other articles in succession on abortion. The third one didn't seem to advance the argument any further.

Yours truly,
Peter Crookston
Features Editor
The Sunday Times

Peter Crookston is obviously entitled to his own editorial opinion, but in the view of Spare Rib this piece, the third in Germaine's series on abortion, was certainly as good as much that appears in the Sunday Times and better than most of it. In view of the articles Mr. Crookston saw fit to include on the Look page of June 4 - two of them special offers by the Sunday Times, a light article from Molly Parkin, and a piece by Nicholas Tomalin on the taxi mafia in control at London airports who charge exorbitant fares from unsuspecting foreigners which was only made relevant by his mentioning the cab drivers are also on the look out for European girls wanting abortions - we feel that Mr. Crookston's critical judgement was affected by non-literary considerations.

We may be wrong in this but, in any event, we left it to the discretion of the reader to decide whether Mr. Crookston's act of censorship was justified or not by introducing Germaine's article as 'The column the Sunday Times refused to print. Why?'

We understand that this was the first of the Look pages edited by Mr. Crookston, so perhaps it was excusable on the grounds that he was flexing his editorial muscles.

WHY DON'T THEY FIGHT FOR AN
EQUAL PLACE IN SOCIETY?



Dear Spare Rib
I enjoyed reading Mary Stott's article "To love, honour and obey" in the August Spare Rib, but there is one point I would like to take up with you. You say that a white wedding is the "one day where every

girl, however plain and however dim, is the beautiful, admired heroine of the day." Surely that is the whole point of a white wedding - that an unattractive girl who knows that a church wedding will be the only moment of glory she has in her whole life can have this moment of glory. She is entitled to such a wedding, however, snobbish, hypocritical and pretentious it might seem to others.

In my experience it is the plainest and dimmest girls who opt for the whitest weddings. I'm sure that even they know that the romance and the attention focused on them will vanish after the great day, and that next week life will be the same boring routine, plus a wedding ring, which soon loses its magic. They will have the memory of their wedding to sustain them through the tedious years that lie ahead.

Many people treasure their wedding dress, keep the cake, have a white leather album and a tape recording of the service. When they are immersed in kids and suburbia, and everything looks bleak, they can get out the white leather album and think dreamily, "I too looked beautiful on that day: everything was for me." I am not carping about the rest of your article, which I heartily agree with, but I would say it is the intelligent, confident, independent and good looking girls who opt for a registry office wedding. They can afford to: they're sure of themselves, and to them, the actual wedding is as it should be, unimportant. Graham Greene wrote, in "The Heart of the Matter": "Against the beautiful and the clever and the successful one can wage a pitiless war, but not against the unattractive: then the millstone weighs upon the breast."

Yours sincerely,
Elizabeth Hodgkinson

WHY DOES IT ALWAYS HAVE
TO BE ME?



CAZ

Reveiw

A Wizard of Earthsea by Ursula
Le Guin. Victor Gollancz

I liked the Wizard of Earthsea because of this Shadow that was trying to catch Ged, who was the Wizard of Earthsea. They had three battles and on the third the Shadow joined and Ged became his own self. He had brought it up from the land of the dead. In Gond (an island full of wizards) a boy called Jasper had dared him to bring his own spirit from the land of the dead. And Ged did and it leaped on him and scratched him till there were scars all over him. He learned many powers in Gond. His master was called Ogion. But he lived where Ged was born. His first name was Dummy and he had many adventures. The most forbidden thing to do on Gond was to call up your shadow from the land of the dead. Ged got told off when his scratches were better.

Toby Clader aged 9

Please send in any reviews or ideas you have about books, TV, cinemas, or the theatre. We'll pay £1 for each one published and would be happy to include any illustrations or drawings with the reviews.

Patience is a vice

Will Hamling

Will Hamling is the Labour M.P. for West Woolwich, an office he has held since 1964. He is a lecturer, a member of the Fabian Society and a campaigner for women's rights.

The latest pay award in the engineering industry demonstrates once again (if it needed demonstrating), that Parliament may pass a law laying down equal pay for men and women, but employees and trade unions ignore it. New minimum rates are laid down of £25 a week for craftsmen, £20 for labourers and £18 a week for women. The original wage claim was for equality between men and women: the new settlement retains the differential between men labourers and

were strongly opposed to women getting equal pay on emotional, not logical, grounds. "What, pay some slip of a girl in an infants' school the same as a man teaching fourteen year old lads?". I can still hear the anger behind the question. They got even angrier when I pointed out that if they were so good equal pay would help them because what authority would employ a woman if they could get a man for the same money? We did not only have to fight male prejudice — we had to fight the prejudice of their wives. And we still have to. Most middle class people involved in the movement to rid the world of this absurd prejudice against women, don't meet the deep rooted anger of a great many working class women at the thought that some women, and particularly a single woman, should take home the same pay as her man — well actually, a bit more because the woman will pay more tax. (She will even if she's married because it's her husband who gets insurance tax allowances).

themselves. Most of them are caring for ageing parents, and death rates being what they are the parents being cared for are predominantly mothers. In most families where mum or dad need looking after it's generally left to one of the women, and who better than the single daughter? That's the general supposition. The fact that she may have a career of her own to consider is regarded as of secondary importance. The practical result in our society is that there are thousands, (exactly how many we don't know), of women looking after relatives often for many years until the woman herself is old, often to the detriment of the woman's own career or marriage prospects, often to the point where the woman has no economic or domestic independence. And so far the State pays scant regard to the importance of this job in saving the State providing cash benefits or social provision for the relatives cared for. A single woman caring for an ailing, elderly father or mother in the home saves the community something like £30 or £40 a week. What does she get in return? In most cases not even a letter of thanks. If men were doing this job as a general rule the fact of caring would be recognised both by the Inland Revenue department and the Social Security department. But in the main it is a woman's job. So we go on year by year patiently asking ministers to recognise the economic facts of life for women, and patiently we accept being put off — until the time is ripe? Yet the present Government has shovelled out tax concessions to the wealthy to the tune of thousands of millions of pounds a year. You women are too patient. You should break a few more windows in Whitehall. Patience is not a virtue, it's a vice!

And what about one parent families? Again we're talking mainly about women. I have put up cases to the Social Security department of widows or divorced women or single women with children for help. But they are treated as single women, when even a child, (and who more than the child of such a woman), knows that they have a family and have a home to run. And how much more difficult is it to run a home single handed because there is not the other one to lean on, to get comfort from? I am told by the minister that Morris Finer Q.C. is presiding over a committee looking into the problems of one parent families. We don't need a Committee to look into the problems, we need someone to give the mothers the money to do the job they have elected to do. The mothers know the problems: they're looking for solutions.

As with the single woman we don't know just how many of these one parent families there are. How many women are there trying on their own to bring up their children? Increasingly, single women who have babies are determined to keep them. I'd like to be reassured that the community is trying to help them. Nursery School places, adequate provision for employment giving the mother time at home when she is needed most, a living wage? We haven't started thinking about solutions yet.

women manual workers at £2 a week.

I wonder what would happen if a number of women workers doing similar jobs to men labourers invited the Director of Public Prosecutions to note that their employers were breaking the law? The authorities seem very keen to crack down on workers who break the law. What a refreshing change if justice could operate on behalf of workers!

Not that I am surprised this law is not observed. You cannot easily legislate against prejudice — that is what equal pay is about. When I first started teaching forty years ago most men teachers I knew

This brings me to another great area of economic inequality between men and women — the world of taxation. What brought home how unequal things are between men and women in the tax field was the campaign by the National Council for the Single Woman and her Dependent with which I have been concerned since it started. I might say further that being involved in the foundation of the National Council has taught me a lot about the submerged status of thousands of our women. These are the women who look after relatives, parents, sisters, brothers and so on who can't look after



Feel like I'm fixing to die

Minette is 20 years old with an IQ estimated at over 175. She comes from a wealthy middle class home, went to a small, exclusive public school and had all the social advantages that a secure background is supposed to bestow on its children. By the age of 16 she had taken heroin, by 18 she was prostituting herself to raise money to enable her to buy drugs, now at 20 what is her future? In the following interview Minette talks to Louise Ferrier about her life and her experiences with drugs. Photographs by Peter Stark

I was 16 when I first took heroin, by then I had tried most other drugs. I wasn't really into smack then and only took it a couple of times. Of course, I never imagined that I would ever get hooked on the stuff. I thought I could handle it and liked to think that it would lead to other things, to think. The guy I was going out with then was into heroin, and it all seemed very daring and somehow impressive. None of the other people I knew took smack. I wanted to raise their eyebrows, to shock them.

At that time I was at an A-level college near Oxford. There was one teacher there called Peter who I was very close to, unfortunately he died of cancer and soon after that I was thrown out for taking drugs. I think if he hadn't died my initial enthusiasm for dope would have worn off, because I would still have had the security of learning something; who knows, I might have gone to university. As it was, after being thrown out, my reaction was to get more heavily into dope.

After I left college, I lived in London for a while and then spent some time in the South of France learning French. My parents were desperate for me to do something and so I went to a kibbutz in Israel. Opium is dead cheap there and I started taking a lot. Although I wasn't injecting myself, I was very into the needle. It's a sexual thing, I would never be injected by a girl; even now when I inject myself, I still won't let a girl touch me. One can get really hung up on the needle, at one time, if I didn't have any dope, I'd shoot up water. When I got back from Israel there were three or four people I knew who were taking smack, so I started taking it too. From August 1971 to Christmas that year I lived with a guy who was taking a lot. I was still only taking it about twice a week. Then he

died at Christmas, but instead of putting me off the drug, I got

I had to work to get my money together to support my habit — I used to whore at the Hilton Hotel. It disgusts me, but I've no moral feelings about it. However I only do it when I'm stoned, so it's a vicious circle. You have to get stoned to do it to get more bread to get more smack, then if you don't have any smack you can't do it so you can't get any more bread. On some levels I can get into whoring. I can close part of my mind off and treat it as a joke; and also it's quite interesting, I have the most extraordinary experiences. Also you can get a lot of bread together. I've got chucked out of the Hilton Hotel a couple of times so I hustle in the streets occasionally now. A lot of it relies on luck. I got ripped off and beaten up in one week, and made only £10. I only ever work for a few hours, say 8 to 11 pm, so I can buy dope after, and often I can get £50 together for doing nothing really. Another night I'll work like mad and get ripped off. But it's the only way I know of making big money.

I could never take a job in a store or something now, because after having earned £40 in two hours it just doesn't seem worth it. But beyond my necessity to get junk I'm not that worried about money. I've been a privileged junkie, my parents pay my rent so I've never had to worry about places to stay, and my older brother has always been very good to me and looked after a lot of the practical things in my life.

My parents know all about me. They thought I was on drugs. When I was just smoking hash they imagined it was heroin. Then when I came back from Israel I got blood poisoning from injecting. I said it was from cuts and they believed it. Then about this time last year I took an overdose



by accident; someone gave me too much and I had to go to hospital. I was paralysed down the whole of my left side for 2 weeks. I was really frightened, I couldn't move anything. I went home to my parents, I thought if I stayed in bed I'd get better but I didn't. My mother got the local GP and I told him the truth. That I'd had too big a shot and this had happened. I think I told my mother—I was so scared I'd be paralysed forever. They thought I'd stopped after, but then last Xmas my mother found some needles in my room. She sent me away in March ('72) for 3 weeks and I came off it, but then I got an even worse habit together.

About a month later I was suddenly rushed to hospital with appendicitis. I didn't have any smack for ages, and that seems to have helped me break the habit. But I'm still confused and don't know what to do, I thought perhaps I might go to Phoenix House, which is supposed to be a good centre for people who are trying to get off junk. But somehow I'm scared as it's supposed to be very tough there.

I suppose I've always been interested in the counter culture and alternative ways of thinking and living but it has never meant anything tangible to me, even less so now. Originally, I thought of it as an attitude of mind: that is a basic awareness in the individual, leading hopefully to a more sensitive community. Now, most of the people I know lack that awareness, I certainly do. Everyone I know on smack feels that in some way the alternative society has let them down — but basically it's everyone's fault. No one has bothered enough and people have become less sensitive to change, so that the basic core of togetherness that there used to be among people a few years ago is no longer there. At first the alternative way of life was great, back in the days of flower power, but when the initial enthusiasm wore off, most people didn't make the effort needed to actually plan and work for an alternative society. The thing is that people are afraid to take their enthusiasm one step further. There's a quote from Norman Mailer which says all that very clearly. It goes like this:

"God is failing because we are failing, because we are too cowardly, because we want to move too slowly, and hold to what we have, while the world, the tangible substance of God is ready to be blown beyond existence in those radiations of hate which none of us can contain any longer. There is a

torment coming, when the being of all of us will depend on whether there is a man brave enough, bold enough, to go further in his mind than anyone has ever gone, and yet communicate his vision."

A lot of people I knew were aware that the counter culture wasn't all that it's cracked up to be. When it was fashionable not to work, then I was okay and a lot of people just hung around and took dope, but then everyone else began getting themselves together and finding jobs. But me, I just got more and more into dope, and while many of my friends were picking up the pieces, I wasn't. If only I could have that time again, it's too late for me to go to university or to walk in somewhere and get a job. I just wish I had trained my mind one more step.

Smack is a total escape for me. All I'm trying to do is to escape from myself. I think I'm not getting anywhere; I think and think and worry and worry, so I have some more smack and it 'shuts me up'.

But in a funny way, I think I've learnt something from it. It's arrogant to say it but I feel that other people are soft. You have to be tough, you wake up one day and you do feel as though you are dying, you're not, it's nasty withdrawals. I don't regret it, as there's no point in that, but I'd like to have the last few years again.

Since Christmas I've been going out with a guy, a junkie. We don't really have any sex, we fight the whole time, we spend the whole time together. I could manage a normal relationship on smack, but this guy, he just can't make it. I do what I've always done, I sleep around a lot. If I fancy a guy I go to bed with him. I suppose I've never really had a decent relationship with a guy, if I had I'm sure I wouldn't have got so heavily into dope. Smack is like having a wife and six kids to support, the more your habit goes up, the more impossible it becomes to sustain any decent relationships. You can get a close asexual relationship with another junkie but there's always a third party, namely smack.

I really do want to give it up, for good. I want to be a 14 year old kid again, with someone to tell me what to do, to give me ideas. I used to have ideas. I want to be of some use. I feel useless, so I take dope. I get bored, so I take dope. I hope I can get something together, but everything seems very difficult.



The celebrated industrial terrier who feels that unions are ripe for woman power

Women are conspicuously absent from the executive desks of big unions, and whatever the psychological reasons for their absence, they are sadly missed by one Mr. Dash. Here he talks to Judy Kirby:

Mr. Dash didn't himself ever occupy a venerated chair at official level, finding he was more effective in the scrum of dock disputes, but nevertheless he feels that the male-dominated trade union movement is ripe for woman power.

"It would be a fine day for society" he says "when a woman is elected as general secretary or president of a union. She would give much needed zest to a movement which is still sectarian."

Jack Dash is in his sixties and retired from port activities but from his 19th floor flat in Stepney he still has a grand scenic view of the London docks and is still regarded as a mentor by dockers and industrial workers. For all the harsh publicity which surrounded his political 'career' in the docks, there is a gentle manner to his arguments. The ultra-left, with its urgency and uncompromising ambition horrifies him: "It's a tragedy to see the young men and women of the ultra-left being drained out by their liberation movements. They are squeezed out like flannels and after two years they are finished, sick of politics. They'll never turn to them again. The impatience of youth is played upon."

"You can see the kids at the factory gates during strikes, although they are not in industry themselves. They are made to feel that revolution is round the corner, the call is 'let's put up the barricades' but the barricades have to be found first, you can't just whistle them up out of a cupboard." So the struggle should be waged within the classical structure—in the unions, which he feels, aren't political enough and need an onslaught of female militancy.

"Women are much more political than men because they are more emotional and in the main they are the ones out buying, and that makes you political. The

unions themselves are almost a closed shop, they are predominantly male and women don't assert themselves. A woman should not just hold her card, she should be encouraged into a more assertive position."

Jack talks a lot of his visit to the USSR where he was delighted to see a 22 yr old girl in charge of a factory floor. "People there are picked for their abilities and not for sexual reasons. She would not have had that job if she hadn't been capable. It was Russia that put a woman into space and showed the world that if a woman was fit enough there was no reason why she shouldn't be a cosmonaut. Over here we are still arguing about women being bus drivers."

The West, he says despairingly, is still hung up by the picture of the butch Ukrainian female tractor driver which is burned on everyone's mind: "But that is a racial characteristic, like in the East the people are diminutive, in Russia they're big, and it has nothing to do with the fact that the women are workers."

In western society, women must wait for a war before they can prove their worth in all avenues of industry. "She is still cheap labour, a second income earner if she is married. Many wives are not enlightened and often joint incomes hold husbands and wives back from militancy in their unions. It is a slothful way of doing things."

Apart from 'an excellent woman called Joan' in an agricultural union, he can't think of any female Jack Dash or equivalent in the union hierarchy. And for this blames lack of insight in male unionists. He cites the AEU and T&GWU as the most encouraging ground for a militant woman.

"It's equal pay that's the rallying cry

now" he says, "but it's a red herring. It should be equal opportunity. An employer can very coyly agree to equal pay but if he doesn't give you the opportunity to earn it—where are you?"

The examples of Big Lil in the trawlermen's strike and the needlework ladies at F rds, Dagenham, should inspire those young, articulate women who find expression in women's liberation. They should be making take-over bids in the unions of their chosen professions.

He quotes frequently from George Bernard Shaw—"every progressive mother should make her daughter read 'A Guide to Young Women'"—and from suffragette literature, of debates with churchmen when the statement 'God the Father' was challenged. "We identify everything through the male first because we are in a man's world instead of a human being's world." Yes, one feels, if Jack Dash were a woman he would definitely be a card carrying member of Women's Lib.

Nell Dash has a practical point which she makes simply: "I don't think it has anything to do with a working woman's abilities that stops her getting positions in trade unions. It's her chores at home which hold her back."

"And men don't help" says Jack, thoughtful about his brothers' obstinacy. He recalls that during the war, he came home to his tea one night and casually asked her to butter him more bread: "She threw down a copy of the Daily Worker in front of me angrily and said 'you're always telling me to read the women's page in the Worker, well I did and they say that your husband should get things for himself.'"

"I was confronted with my own philosophy" smiles Jack. He took it like a man and has been cutting bread ever since.



Girl on the hot seat

Motor bike racer Andrea Williams, 24, the only woman in Britain competing in national meetings, was refused entry to this year's Manx Grand Prix on the grounds that, at the time of her application, the racing rules which include a ban on female entrants had already been drawn up and could not be reconsidered.

Undeterred she's already campaigning for entry to next year's race. In July she went to the Isle of Mann to meet members of the committee and make a formal application. She's waiting for a decision and if refused will get a petition signed by top class riders and present it to the committee.

Currently she's in love, according to her former manager, Pat Dempsey. She's thrown up her job and London flat and gone to Northern Ireland with an Irish racer.

Andrea was born in Knebworth, Hertfordshire. Her family moved to Bexley in Kent when she was six. She went to secondary school, took GCE in English and biology but was more interested in sport, running, hurdles, hockey.

She took up motor bike racing on her 16th birthday when her brother, Peter Williams, now a top rider with the John Player Norton team, bought her a provisional licence. She learnt to ride on his 50 cc. Suzuki, passed her test on a borrowed bike, then bought a Villiers 198 cc. for eight pounds.

The bike was stolen and for a while she lost interest. Leaving school at 17, she took up dental nursing for a year before going back to Dartford College of Technology in 1968 to study for more GCEs.

Ten months later she decided to go to Mexico to watch the Olympic Games, gave up college 'GCEs have never been any use to me at all' and went to work to save money doing office jobs in London by day and dental nursing in Kent at night.

She saved £370 in 11 months and taking tent and a sleeping bag flew to New York via Iceland, then travelled by Greyhound bus to Mexico, visiting Acapulco, Los Angeles and Toronto before returning to England in February 1970.

Now determined to become a motor bike racer, she borrowed a 250 Suzuki and entered a girls' race at Cadwell Park in July. She led the race for 3 laps, finishing second.

'I decided whatever it cost I was going to race.'

She moved into a flat in Notting Hill Gate, took a job with International Booksellers and bought a 650 Triumph Road

bike for £50. In August she moved to Baker Street and worked in a variety of jobs taking whatever paid the most money. By the end of the year she had saved £120.

In May 1970 she bought a 250 Yamaha and began to compete at club meetings. She also got a permanent job that month as office supervisor at the Chelsea Football Club. The £25 a week salary enabled her to rent a flat in Fulham and the job allowed her enough time off for racing.

During the first two seasons she made a lot of mistakes. 'I used up money and got nowhere. The Yamaha is a complicated bike to learn on. It either wouldn't start or stopped halfway through the race,' she says; puts some of the blame on Mac, her mechanic, whose previous experience had been with Grand Prix riders on the Continent. She entered 25 meetings and finished in five.

This season she feels more confident. She entered her first national meeting at Easter at Crystal Palace taking 11th place and came 13th at the British Championship Meeting at Lyddon.

She sold her bike in June for £300 and bought a new 250 Yamaha for £900 with the money from the sale, £200 she had saved and £400 borrowed from the bank.

For racing she wears a complete suit of blue leathers, orange crash helmet and gloves designed by her brother; uses Chelsea's blue and white racing colours. Duckams sponsor her for oil, she's seeking total sponsorship and plans to handle her own promotion.

Andrea hasn't got much time for social life. 'My friends are mainly involved with racing' she says. She visits her family whenever she can, doesn't smoke or drink much; likes rock music, often goes to the Rainbow; likes buying clothes but usually wears jeans and a T shirt; takes sauna baths, goes to the cinema, reads, travels. Wouldn't get married because she doesn't agree with the principal of it. 'I don't mind living with someone, although I haven't got time at the moment, but the legal bit doesn't seem relevant.'

Women have been barred from holding international licences by an FIM (Federation of International Motor Cycling) ruling since 1962 when Beryl Swain entered the Isle of Mann TT Race. If Andrea can gain entry to the Manx Grand Prix it could be the first towards changing this ruling and maybe there'll be a woman world champion.

Andrea Williams— profile of a lady motorcyclist by Brett Gilbert.



THEM

I'm talking about my friend. She lives in one of those new houses on the hill. Smashing houses they are, and then she isn't satisfied. Well if that isn't a bad sign I don't know what is. I live at the bottom. My house is an old house. Well, you know that. More like a cottage I suppose you'd say. What if it does make more work. There's nothing that can't be got through if you have your health.

Mind you, I'd give I don't know what for some of the appliances gadgets and timesavers Cheryl has. Ever so well off they are compared to us. Sidney my friend's husband's got a really terrific job. There's a car that goes with the job. What would we do with a car I say to my husband when we haven't a garage to keep it in. Put it in the road, he said. Oh yes my husband would like a car all right but he's not complaining. He puts the children first.

Not like Cheryl and Sidney. They're peculiar that way. It's funny when you think what they could afford to do for their little kiddies. I'm not saying they don't have smashing clothes and that and radios and toys and plenty to eat. But they don't ever have any fun. I can't understand anyone not enjoying their children. I like children. I like to hear them talking. My friend isn't like that. Well I think she's awful to her children. Unnatural. My eldest kiddie, he's eighteen and works on the industrial. It's a good opening, you see.

I go up to my friend nearly every day. She takes in ever so many books. You know, the women's, and a lot of glossies, and Sidney has all the motoring ones. Sometimes I look after her kiddies. They come down our place. Lucy she's the little girl the eldest is the same age as my youngest Paul or near enough. Not that Paul sees much in her. Boys of ten don't take a lot of interest in girls, do you think. Besides, Lucy is a strange kiddie. It all comes of the way she's brought up, it's all such a strain. Just imagine, one day John that's my husband called round to leave a message for Sidney after work and when he got there, there was little Lucy outside in the garden come home hours ago from school and not yet gone in. You can't go in, Lucy said to my husband, my mummy's still in bed with her lover. Well what a thing for a child to say. John was that taken aback. Well he doesn't see what I go on with Cheryl for. Not that Sidney's any different. That's what I was coming to.

Now the vicar's got wind of it. I said to Cheryl, the vicar's got wind of it. Go on, she said laughing. Yes, I said. Perhaps he's after an invitation, said Cheryl. I was that shocked. I don't know why you carry on the way you do, I said. It's fun, she said, that's why.

They say a lot of it goes on in Somerset. My friend is only part of a trend. I don't want nothing to do with it. You're frigid, said Cheryl. I was indignant I can tell you. I don't know what you see in it, I said. It's dirty. You'll catch cancer. It's all wrong. It's disgusting. It's immoral. I'm not frigid Cheryl. One day you'll be landed with the clap. You've got through all your friends. Don't tell me Sidney doesn't pick up any old couple that's willing.

Old couple? said Cheryl. We had some smashing young ones in last week with Doreen and Bruce and Julie and Kevin.

What young ones, I said. You never went and asked those kiddies that moved in up the road.

I did, she said. Boy did they enjoy themselves.

I call that corruption, I said. Never, said Cheryl, they were already corrupted, did they have some ideas. She talks a bit like that, Cheryl does. My husband says it's all part of a general insecurity.

Why don't you consider the effect on the children, I said.

What effect, she said, they've got nothing to grumble about, they have the best of everything.

They know everything that goes on in your place, that's what, I said, you and your parties and your lovers and your not getting on.

What not getting on, she said, Sidney and I get on fine.

Only in one way, I said. You're thoroughly promiscuous, I said. You ought to put a stop to it. It's a habit. Like drinking or smoking, you can't do without it.

You're right there, she said. The children must lump it. After all it's keeping our marriage together.

Some marriage, I said. What went wrong with you and Sidney you got perverted I don't know why for the life of me Cheryl, I said.

We did not, she said indignantly, it's not perversion. We don't do anything actually bad like that. It's just more exciting, she said. After all, who says everyone has to stick to one boring old person all their lives. Like you and John, it's you that's odd. You don't know what you're missing. Don't think Sidney and I don't ever have it.

Do you have it, I said.

Of course we do, she said we're married aren't we. But of course we have this problem, you have to be sensible about these things.

What problem, I said, I never knew you had a problem.

Most married couples have a problem, she said, if they don't try it out extensively beforehand. How could I have been such a fool. Young people have more sense nowadays.

I don't know what you mean, I said.

I'm too big, she said, Sidney's too small, I like them big don't you. I've got a smashing old book at home, it wouldn't do for you to read, t'would be sure to bring your nose on to bleed. Well in it they have names for different sizes, ever so sensible, Sidney is a hare poor Sidney, you might as well be a bit compassionate, it's not his fault, he probably inherited from his dad, the trouble is I'm an elephant, you get stretched having kids I think.

Cheryl's keen on all those sort of dirty books I wouldn't be seen dead reading them. I wouldn't have them in the house. What would the kids think of their mum and dad if they picked up a filthy thing like that.

It's bad for your kiddies Cheryl, I said, what must they think with all that going on downstairs.

What makes you think we stay downstairs, she said, generally we go off private. When we were extra week before last we had to turn the kids out of their bedroom.

Blatant, Cheryl is. I don't know why we keep on with them, said my husband, they've become that awful, I can't stand the sight of them.

It's for the children's sake I keep on with her, I said, otherwise I wouldn't.

It's bad to associate with nasty-minded people like that, said my husband. Decent folk must wonder why we do.

I never thought of that, I said. You don't think anyone is suspecting you and me, join in!

I'm not swapping my wife, not with Edward Heath himself, says my husband, getting very hot under the collar in a manner of speaking. John has a lovely even temper. It's not often he sees red.

He hasn't got a wife to swap I said. John thinks a lot of Edward Heath. I really feel for those kids John, I said.

The next thing that happened was that Cheryl's little boy Sebastian fell down and broke his arm. That's a good thing, said my husband, that'll bring them to their senses. What a way to talk John, I said, the poor kiddie, you are awful.

You wouldn't believe it but that little Sebastian he slipped and fell on a slimy nasty something in the kitchen. Cheryl said she and some bloke were seeing what it was like naked on the new vinyl floor covering. That stupid Arthur forgot to mop it up, said Cheryl.

Mop what up, I said.

The mess, said Cheryl, it runs straight out of me again I can't hold on to it, he has ever such a lot, she said proudly, just like a young lad you'd never guess to look at him. Smashing the



way it fills one up.

How disgusting, I said.

It wouldn't have been, said Cheryl, if he'd mopped it with his shirt tail like he generally does but we were stark. I never thought to give him a tea-towel from the kitchen rail. I didn't know Sebastian was going to come running in. I always tell the kids not to run in the house, said Cheryl.

Anyway thank goodness for once Cheryl came over all motherish. I think she must have been secretly guilty. They still had friends in of an evening but it didn't seem to get so out of hand. Rampant is the word. I fancied Cheryl and Sidney were a bit more thoughtful.

Well I didn't see Cheryl for a while. One day she comes down to my place. Will you mind the kids, duckie, she says. Sidney and I are going out for the day tomorrow. Can the kids sleep at you, we won't be back till late.

Where are you going, I said. I suppose I don't mind. I like your kids Cheryl, I said.

We're going to London for a cure, she said.

A cure, I said, what for.

For us, she said, it's all got a bit too much of a good thing, we're going to have some help to stop, someone's going to give us some instruction how to find satisfaction in ourselves again.

We can't go on for ever.

You're dead right there, I said, I am glad Cheryl. I thought you'd see sense in the long run.

Well they had a tiring day in London I suppose because Cheryl didn't come down to my place for the kids' things until after I packed them off to school. Not surprising. I quite thought they were going to some marriage guidance setup where proper doctors and that have a look at you and give you a quiet chat. Not a bit of it. That Cheryl and her Sidney went to see some half chinky fellow for a consultation in South Kensington.

Smashing really, said Cheryl, and ever so clever what you might call inventive, he's helped thousands of married couples to find a new meaning in life. By the by, said Cheryl, his whatsit was a funny yellowish chocolate colour I must say I'd not seen one like that before.

How did you come to see it Cheryl, I said.

How do you think, she said.

I must say I don't know. Cheryl giggled in an awful way, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Sammy demonstrated some of the treatments, Cheryl said. We're going to have a course. We're going to have some help.

What sort of help, I said dubiously.

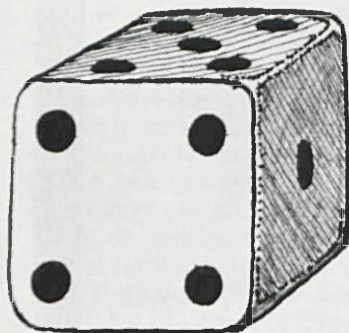
Photos, she said.

continued on page 25

BOOKS

Illustrations by Liz Kneen

the dice man



The Dice Man Luke Rhinehart
Panther

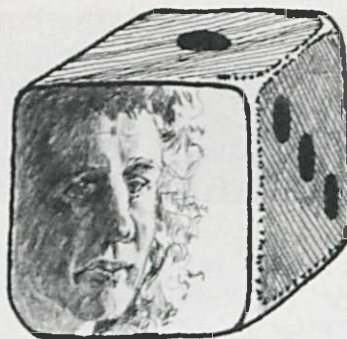
Everything that we do, decisions both major and minor, actions of lesser and greater importance, stems from a process of choice. We can go for a drink, answer letters, do some work and so on, all at one given point in time. The eventual decision, to answer letters, is a purely random choice. Assuming each of one's options is equally necessary, and will require carrying out sooner or later, although some may be more pleasurable than others, the choice of one rather than another is, in the final assessment, whim.

With this in mind, Luke Rhinehart, bored psychologist who has reached a stage when literally no one thing is any more worthy of pursuing than any other, decides to commit his fate to that more tangible instrument of random — throwing a dice, or, as sophistication creeps into his selections a couple of dice. The first decision, to go downstairs and rape the wife of his best friend and professional partner sets Luke on his path to random glory. And thenceforth his decisions, if governed by the whim of that six-sided cube with magic numbers, all point to one goal — the Dicelife, with Luke and his acolytes, whose numbers increase in inverse proportion to Luke's professional standing, as the first Dicepeople.

'Few novels can change your life — This One Will' promises the cover blurb. It's a thought of course. And if everyone took to the Dice with the vigour of Luke and the visitors to his Centres for Experiments in Totally Random Environments (CETRES), then life for the world, not merely the

individual would change radically. One of the delights of writing a novel in which, although apparently fiction, the chief protagonist's name is that of the author, is that the reader is never quite sure where the fiction begins. After all, why not try the dice for oneself. Just a few options, nothing special, it's all so easy, and even if washing up does come up rather than going to a film, well, it gets a tedious job out of the way. It's towards the end of the book that the fictional qualities start to emerge. After all, even the most dedicated of all autobiographers is unlikely to detail a murder he committed, attacks on the state in league with black and hippie militants, and sundry criminal activities. On the other hand the fatuous machinations of the psychiatrists who find Luke more than their programmed minds can bear, the TV chatshow in which various denominations and one shrink probe a totally silent, benignly smiling Rhinehart, are incidents all too feasible.

The Dice Man is a great novel, autobiography, exposition of the Dicelife, hoax or whatever else. And above all it underlines the purely random roles that we all take on. Just as the law is only obeyed because enough people have accepted their liberties being curtailed by external bodies, so is the policeman only a policeman, the star a star, the tramp a tramp, because they are the life games that have become accepted. Throwing the dice to play Exercise K — every ten minutes, irrespective of environment, one changes one's personality completely and lives this new role until the next throw of the cubes — destroys the conditioning that has governed life hitherto. Naturally the dice adherent will find his fellows less than sympathetic to actions which appear to them as no more or less than the demented ravings of a multiple schizophrenic, who cannot content himself with only a couple of roles but delves into more and more styles and games. Fact or fiction, farcical or feasible, the Dice Man teaches us one thing 'Anybody can be Anybody.'



Gangsters in a playground

Play Things by Peter Prince.
Published by Victor Gollancz
at £1.60

Play Things has all the ingredients of a good novel but Peter Prince doesn't quite make it. It's based on a play leader in a South East London playground, but it develops unconvincingly to a situation where the play leader becomes involved with two rival gangs, the fathers of his playground charges. Prince describes these guys brilliantly, like Straker, an ex-Ted who's turned on by little boys. Straker and his pal, Frank, had me wading in nostalgia with their reliving of the rock 'n roll days of Eddie Cochran, Vince Eager, Freddy Bell.

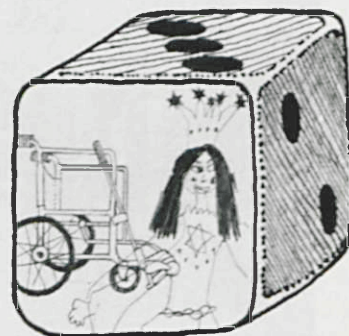
The play leader is weak but uncomfortably realistic — unwittingly selfish and jealous of his wife's success in the media (although I don't think the author was aware of this). The wife's slight affair with a successful media personality (aren't they always) finds the play leader not so much incensed by the affair but jealous of his wife's successful career and new friends. The description of Portia, an American lady who writes for the underground press and dresses in black combat jacket, t-shirt and motor cycle boots, 'all a gritty black' is an irritating example of the stereotyped view of the liberated woman. The play leader tries to lay her but is rejected and, horror of horrors, he discovers that she's his wife's lover. His wife and Portia proceed to leave the country. We are then treated to a chapter of remorseful soul-searching.

The play leader, like the book, finds the kids and the playgroup a bit of a drag. The characters outside the playgroup and the relationships are real and alive, but the novel is never allowed to develop. Well worth reading, but expensive at £1.60. Terry McCarthy

obsession for pink objects

Zaidee Lindsay: Art and the handicapped child Studio Vista
London, £2.50

Did you know that until the time of the Second World War it was considered unwise for the partially sighted to use their eyes? In her section on the recent revolutionary changes in the treatment of the handicapped Zaidee Lindsay informs us that, "the partially sighted had actually been taught to write their names on a blackboard while standing with their backs to it in order that their eyes should be averted from the task." Her book is full of similar fascinating bits of information and, although the book is aimed primarily at those involved in the field of special education, it has a much wider appeal. Unlike most books on the handicapped Zaidee Lindsay avoids arousing that mixture of pity, horror and guilt which makes us close the book in self defence.



The first half of "Art and the handicapped child" is devoted to illustrating the reality behind such blanket terms as "Autism", "Brain Damage", "E.S.N.", "S.S.N.", "Cerebral Palsy" etc. Her definitions are lucid and she writes on current theories about the various handicaps without resorting to obscure terminology or jargon. She describes the behavioural traits associated with the handicaps, the accompanying learning disabilities, and how they can be alleviated by creative activities. But, happily, she never loses sight of the individual, "however we may classify Children according to their physical and mental handicaps there will often be no well defined categories even in any one group."

Every piece of factual information is supported by a striking case history. We are told that autistic children can become obsessed with certain stimuli which they will seek

voraciously. This is illustrated by the girl who "developed an obsession for pink objects and would usually be seen clutching some of these, which included a collection of small cushions and dolls without clothes. On one occasion she tried to snatch for her collection a pink jumper that was being worn by another pupil."

The teacher must use her ingenuity in utilizing a symptom such as an obsession and making it the basis for a more purposeful activity. Zaidee Lindsay describes another autistic child whose only interest in life was to stare at her own fingernails, "Blobs of water colour and nail varnish were painted on her nails in the hope that she would come to match these with similar coloured beads also provided. Within six months she was contentedly pressing down beads in areas of each colour onto a plasticine surface."

Throughout the book the reader is aware of Zaidee Lindsay's affection and admiration for the children and her total commitment to art for the handicapped. "It becomes a fundamental part of their education through which they are able to experience not only a fuller physical awareness but also a mental awakening."

Rosie Parker

respectable executioner



Confessions of a Country Magistrate: Edward Grierson Gollancz

There's a good chance, so the statistics run, that one in fifty people, two per cent of the population, will end up facing that most junior, but most immediate of courts, the Bench of Magistrates this year, next year, ad infinitum. (Of course a large proportion of these minor lawbreakers won't even attend the court — driving offences can mercifully be dealt with in absentio — and a much smaller number are merely passing through, on their way to higher

things, but the fact remains that the Magistrate is, barring the judicial minions the police, the first hand experience of the Law for most people.

And what are they like, this happy band of powerful amateurs, who can fine, imprison and, failing these two, arrogantly insult the subject of their jurisdiction? These men and women who typify entire generations as 'vermin' and then beg the question 'when called for a more precise definition. In the first place they need have no legal training, and even though a magistrate is not invariably the local squire, his less exalted companions are not that likely to have any great qualifications themselves. Mr Grierson, the author of this book, is an exception: he had some practice at the bar of the North Eastern Circuit in the Thirties, a career that was curtailed by the war. His calling to the Magistracy some twenty years later came as a surprise to him, given the knowledge that he has accrued since, it is unlikely that such shocks would still occur.

His 'Confessions' are, unfortunately, all the worst that might be expected. Not that they are ill-written, Mr Grierson has for some years earned his living as a novelist. But they exhibit the solid Tory prejudices, for good and evil, that might be expected, if not feared, from the Chairman of the Bench. Interlarded with reminiscences of Oxford, the bar, sundry essays into the history of the courts and their personnel, come his observations on the role of a magistrate. They do not bear lighthearted reading. Judge Jeffreys, we learn was 'playful and almost engaging', though his Bloody Assizes did, doubtless with engaging playfulness, hang 250 men and transport another 800. Jokey stuff. Likewise his comments on the savage sentencing of various more recent judges show criticism only on the moralising to which these men would subject the prisoner in the dock. And anyway, those were the good old days, with fine advocates, eccentric judges and a good murderer always gave everyone a few laughs before meeting his fate at the end of a rope.

The 'Hanging Judge' is a myth, claims our author. Maybe. It is a mercy, on the evidence of his book, that the 'Hanging Magistrate' is simply an impossibility.

Jonathan Green

In Our Own Write

suffragette saga

Dear Editor,

While I realise it is easier to criticise than to create, I feel I must point out some glaring mistakes and omissions in Antonia Raeburn's article, 'What Emily Did'.

She begins, 'It was June 16th 1902, the Suffragettes had organised a mammoth demonstration in Hyde Park'. The movement which became known as the Suffragettes. The Women's Social and Political Union was not formed till October 10th 1903, as Antonia Raeburn herself states at a later stage. The mass demonstration to which she surely refers took place on the 21st June 1908. Annie Kenney was not introduced to the women of the East End by Keir Hardie but by Sylvia Pankhurst, with whom she went to stay in London, and Dora Montefiore. Antonia states: 'bugs were brought in from the East End to prevent the women getting near the House 1910'. The working class population of the East End, both male and female, were overwhelmingly in support of the suffragettes. I do not dispute that poor men might possibly have been tempted by offers of money to break up suffragette meetings, but I have never come across any mention of this in my extensive reading of the suffragette movement. Detectives, however, often dressed up as 'costers' to create disorder among the crowds, and to arrest suffragettes who were breaking the terms of the 'Cat and Mouse Act'. Sylvia Pankhurst mentions that men and youths were paid by the Anti-Suffrage League to break up suffragette demonstrations — these men, she claimed, we also right-wing. Mrs Moore, a woman from Bow who was at the Deputation to the King outside Buckingham Palace, May 21st 1914, reported back to Sylvia Pankhurst, who had been re-arrested on her way to the demonstration, that the women had been viciously man-handled by men in straw boaters carrying walking sticks. This statement is borne out by the famous picture of Mrs. Pankhurst being arrested outside Buckingham Palace by a

burly policeman and a bloke in a straw boater. An East End docker! A man from the East End said of this incident: 'What we have to fear is the toffs in silk hats, not the poor people.' Sylvia's East End Federation which was expelled from the WSPU by Christabel in 1913, but continued to agitate for the vote, formed its own 'People's Army' for protection. She was annoyed when WSPU, through George Lansbury, a sympathetic East End Labour MP, hired dockers to protect them. She felt it degraded the men to offer them money to fight for something which they already believed in. She states that the Petibick Lawrences were unwilling to take part in the more extreme activities such as arson 'for Financial and moral reasons'. They certainly had moral scruples, but not financial:

Finally, I really must object to the total lack of mention to Sylvia Pankhurst throughout the article. It is an insult to her suffering — she possibly carried out more hunger strikes than any other suffragette, and was the instigator of hunger, thirst and sleep strikes — and her achievements. It was Sylvia who persuaded Asquith to meet a deputation of women from the East End by threatening to carry out a hunger, thirst and sleep strike outside the House of Commons in June 1914. He declared himself impressed by their evidence and 'in favour of a democratic measure if we are going to give the franchise to women' (Page 45, 'The Fighting Pankhursts' by David Mitchell. Published by Jonathan Cape). This was a tremendous break-through as Asquith had always been extremely 'anti' before. She was also actively involved in what would now be termed 'community work' in the East End for many years, fighting individual cases of exploitation of women, organising nurseries, lending libraries, lectures, and so on.

Yours sincerely,
Maggie Pearse.

Bessie Smith

the gin soaked queen from Chattanooga

Alan Balfour

Bessie Smith was born into the harsh, depressed, poverty-stricken, 13,000 strong Negro ghetto in Chattanooga City on the Tennessee-Georgia border, on April 15th 1898. Her early childhood was pretty dire, as was that of any Negro child raised under the flag of white supremacy, and it undoubtedly left its mark on her character. Regrettably the details of her childhood and early teens are fairly fragmentary being based on the reminiscences of others. By all accounts she was the more naturally talented of her four brothers and sisters, appearing several times in school plays and even singing at the Ivory theatre in Chattanooga at the age of nine. However, her big opportunity came when she was in her middle teens, when the famous and respected blues singer Gertrude 'Ma' Rainey visited Bessie's home town, and happened to hear Bessie rendering a song. Apparently Ma Rainey recognised immense potential in Bessie Smith, and undertook to nurture this latent talent by offering her a place with the travelling troupe the Rabbit Foot Minstrels. The ensuing years saw the career of the young Bessie Smith taking great leaps forward to stardom, in fact she had become such a popular artist on the circuit that a talent scout sought her to confirm for himself the rumours that he had heard. That same talent scout several years later, as head of the Columbia race recording unit, sent for Bessie to come to their studios in New York to record. The name of the Columbia scout was Frank Waller and when asked several decades later what his impression had been of Bessie Smith at that historic session, he replied: 'Tall, fat and scared to death'. The record she cut, 'Down-hearted Blues', was an instant hit with the Negro record buying public, so much so, that a rival company found a suitable singer to cut her version of the song.



This hit put Bessie on the road to fame. next few years recording artist supreme, mostly at the expense of her already entangled personal life. She had developed a moderate taste for gin when she was a teenager, but by 1926 she was literally drinking it by the tumbler full. This was the means by which she could overcome the glaring realities of her environment and inner inhibitions. The vast amount of money earned from her records was spent either on gin or great extravagances to assert herself with the company she kept. Although she was still very successful she began to abuse the position she held, constantly ordering recording studio managers about and frequently not turning up for performances. Gin finally got the upper hand; her sales began to tail off so forcing her to accept the most third rate engagements. Bessie's troubles were only just beginning for the Negro market were by now tired of the type of blues she was singing and were searching for new sounds (in much the same manner as trends in popular music today). This overall forsaking of the blues by the black record buying public was shown dramatically in the sales figures of Bessie Smith's recording company Columbia. In 1927 they were pressing about 11,000 copies of every new blues record, by 1930 the number had dropped to 2,000, then when the Depression struck later that year the figure was halved. In her later career Bessie Smith was the unfortunate victim of circumstance and by 1931 her manager Frank Waller told her that as a commercial artist she had had her day.

However, in that one decade 1923 to 1933 Bessie Smith recorded something in the region of 180 songs which over the past few months CBS have been steadily issuing on five double-album sets, four of which are already on sale. Instead of chronologically releasing her albums, the first one CBS brought out 'The World's Greatest Blues Singer' covered her early days and her last ones. In one album we have had the bashful girl of twenty five and also the embittered, gin-swilling woman, who despite all the pressures of her life, never made a bad record.

Her very early recordings from 1923 show how at the outset she was a wistful, sensitive singer leaning heavily on the more down to earth, caustic blues lyric. She sang of bad luck, bad women, cheating men (on whom it seems, she spent both money and emotion only to be beaten up and/or deserted), death, sex, religion, with the conviction and knowledge of a woman twice her age.

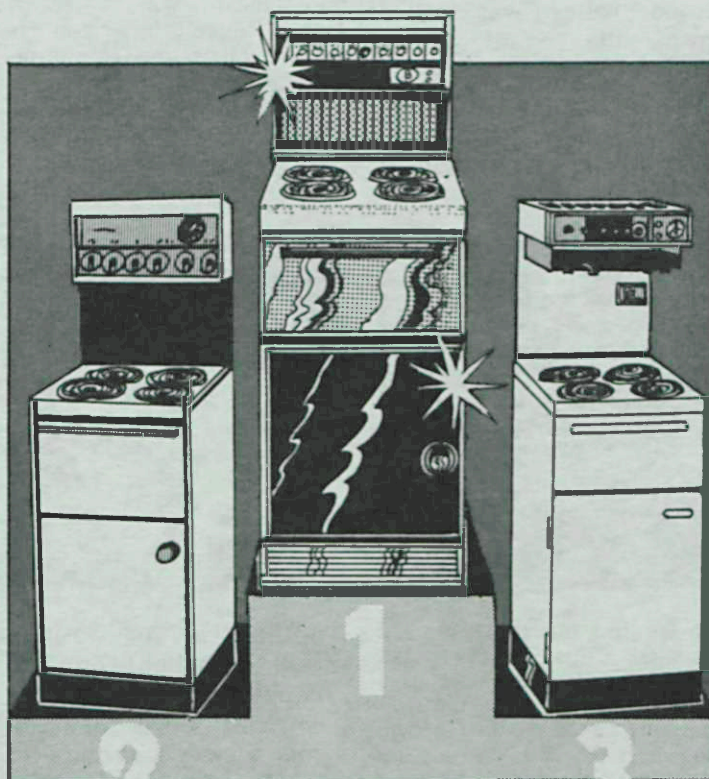
In her later life, even if her personal circumstances had deteriorated, her voice hadn't. She still had the range and power to sing with incredible conviction such songs as the forceful 'Black Mountain Blues' in which her voice smokes just as much as the gun she is singing about "Back in black mountain a child will smack your face, babies cryin' for liquor an' all the birds sing bass. I'm bound for black mountain me, my razor and gun, I'm gonna cut him if he stands still shoot him if he run. Black mountain people are as bad as they can be, they uses gunpowder just to sweeten their tea".

Unfortunately for Bessie Smith the Depression struck soon after she recorded that track and like so many other blues artists she faded into

obscurity. It wasn't until 1933 that she finally attempted a come back and backed by an all star band, including Benny Goodman, she made four superb titles, proving that she was still a first rate artist and quite capable of making it to the top. Whether she would have done we shall never know, for on September 26th 1937 she was involved in a car crash, suffering fatal injuries. There have been many stories told about this accident. Some recount how she was left to bleed to death because the local hospitals refused her on account of her colour. Others say that a white doctor was trying to lift her into his car, the car was hit by oncoming traffic, and she was left to die at the scene of the accident. Whichever way it did happen makes little difference now. One tragic fact remains, that the greatest blues singer the world has known died before her time.

Should you be at all doubtful as to how much richer your life will be for hearing Bessie Smith, then go into a good record shop and play from the 'Any Woman's Blues' album, the second album in the series, 'Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out' and listen to the words: "Once I lived the life of a millionaire, spendin' my money an' I didn't care, carryin' my friends out for a good time buying bootleg liquor, champagne an' wine. When I begin to fall so low I didn't have a friend an' no place to go, so ever I get my hand on a dollar again I'm gonna hold one to it 'til them eagles grin, nobody knows you when you're down an' out, it's the truth without a doubt, nobody can use you when you're down an' out".

WHICH ON WHICH?



Ours is a consumer society. A consumer is one of the buying public. You are a consumer, and the chances are that you are an ignorant one. Ignorant of your rights, of the laws that exist for your protection and of the alternatives available in the goods and services you buy.

Studies, formed the Consumers Association with a group of interested engineers, barristers and solicitors. With £3,000, borrowed from the Elmhurst Trust, they launched *Which?*, a magazine devoted to publishing test results on consumer goods. Eirlys Roberts became editor with the second issue, a position she still holds.

***Which?* was started in the belief that it was needed but not that it would work.**

Those involved expected to face legal action from the manufacturers, a press embargo under pressure from advertising managers, and indifference from a public whose role as an under-privileged class was accepted without question.

Contrary to these expectations interest was immediate and widespread.

Subscribers were forthcoming. By the second issue membership was nearly 23,000; by the third issue 50,000; by the sixth issue (the winter of 1959) over 150,000. *Which?* now has 603,930 subscribers and is second in size only to the *Readers Digest*. The first editions were quarterly, but the magazine was monthly by April 1959.

Hostility from the manufacturers proved not to be the problem anticipated. Manufacturers' letters streamed in but legal advice is always taken before publishing every report, and facts and tests always checked. Only one court action has actually merited an apology from *Which?*. This was

offered in open court to the Woodgrange Metal Stamping Company in 1967, retracting criticism of their product in a 1966 report on Lead in Frying Pans. On the whole the manufacturers now respect the integrity of *Which?* and are cooperative. After all the reports do provide them with research service, and a favourable mention is always valuable.

Which? is a non-profit making company and is financed entirely by subscriptions. This means that *Which?* has a closer and more dependent relationship with its readers than most magazines. Besides providing the funds, the subscribers dictate the contents. When the file of readers letters requesting a report on a particular subject reaches a certain size, that subject is investigated. This is supplemented by a bi-annual questionnaire to a random selection of subscribers designed to find where their interests lie. Most popular subject recently was comparative fuel costs, i.e. gas/electricity/solid fuel, followed by colour films, walking shoes, fresh meat, toothpaste, package tours.

Services as well as goods are covered. There have been reports on funerals, marriage bureaux, slimming aids, keg beer, holidays in Spain, acupuncture and hair-weaving.

It is the comparative tests of consumer durables, however, which attract the subscribers. Regularly updated reports on cookers, washing machines, hi-fi, cars, etc. are the backbone of *Which?*

To prepare a report the editors of *Which?* and its supplements *Motoring Which?*, *Money Which?* and *Handyman Which?*, prepare a schedule for the following year roughing out the possible subjects based on the subscriber requests with additions suggested by the editors. (The schedule is then passed to project officers with experience in the projected fields, the laboratory staff concerned and a project progress committee meets to confirm and revise the decisions.)

The chosen subjects are each assigned to the eight or nine project officers who supervise the entire process with the help of an assistant. The relevant literature is researched. The legal restrictions and British Standard tests are

The Weights and Measures Act, the Food and Drugs Act, the Trade Descriptions Act, the Consumer Protection Act, the Sale of Goods Act and the Unsolicited Goods and Services Act all stipulate the standards to which the consumer is automatically entitled. The British Standards Institution exists to develop the standard of British goods and certain requirements must be met to receive its seal. Even when these laws and standards are complied with, however, much that concerns the consumer is left to the discretion of the manufacturer who spends as much money and effort making the public want what they get as he does making them get what they want.

A responsible consumer would shop around, compare prices and quality in different brands, complain to the manufacturer about any faults in content, performance or efficiency. Who has the time, courage or enthusiasm to be so responsible. Everyone buys something because it was the first of its kind available, or because of advertising or a salesman's persuasion. Anyway, one individual could never have the time or experience or facilities to test every alternative product, nor the influence to campaign for improvements. Consumer protection and advice is a subject of immediate concern to everybody, and one which, since the ill-advised abolition of the Consumer Council, rests with Consumers' Association, publishers of *Which?*

Which? was first published in 1957. The impulse came from a number of directions. America had a Consumers Union since 1928. Influenced by this, Margharita Laski did a series of small scale consumer reports for the *Observer*. She persuaded Eirlys Roberts, whose work at the Treasury had interested her in consumer affairs, to continue these articles. She asked a chemist to analyse different detergents and found the claims that some brands washed whiter were unfounded. Analysis of bath salts and talcum powder showed the active ingredients to be identical in different brands. Price was related to packaging not the efficacy of the product. (*Which?* had aroused enormous interest and response.)

In 1956 Dr. Michael Young, a sociologist and head of the Institute of Community

ascertained. If relevant, the experience of other countries is considered, so that a picture is built up of the general standards in this field. The different brands and types are listed. User requirements are gauged with the help of subscribers — every issue of Which? carries requests for experiences relating to future projects. As Eirlys Roberts says these 'give reports their flesh and blood, laboratory tests provide the bones.'

If reader response clashes dramatically with the test findings the tests will be repeated.

A unit of two full-time and four part-time shoppers is employed to buy the goods anonymously for testing. The tests are then carried out and the results sent to various consultants: including verifiers to check the facts, and experts on the subject — either a subscriber with relevant experience, or an institution. When it is a survey rather than test report (as in a survey of opticians), the results will be in the form of detailed questionnaires which are processed by computer and analysed by a CA statistician.

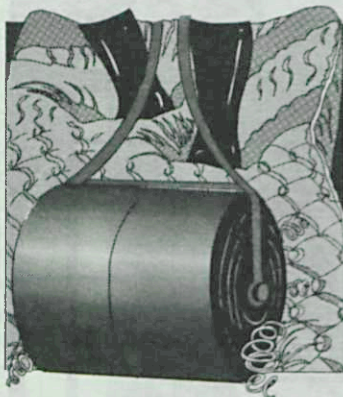
Safety, performance, reliability, durability and ease of use are the basic qualities considered and there are two basic test divisions: laboratory and user. User tests involve recruiting guinea pigs to try the products and complete questionnaires on the ergonomic aspects — that is whether the product is easy, comfortable and convenient to use — these are often compiled by the Institute for Consumer Ergonomics at the Loughborough University of Technology. When tests are carried out in Which?'s own laboratory at Harpenden the users are local subscribers. A dozen men and women may be faced with a dozen leaking cisterns, each faulty in some way, and their efforts to cope watched to gauge the kind of advice required for an article in Handyman Which? on mending cisterns. Half a dozen women, a token man and an imported expert — a chef — stand in the specially designed kitchen booths cutting up roast lamb, raw potato, bread, stewing steak, etc. to test a selection of lethal looking kitchen knives. When reporting on bicycles for older children the help of a school was enlisted. The kids kept the bicycles for a period of time recording comments on a questionnaire; they were then observed riding over a set course to observe the performances. Users are recruited where ever the project officer can find them.

Test goods form only a small part of Which?'s capital

outlay. Most goes on research, staff and postal costs. The postal costs for last year were £165,000. As a non-profit making company CA doesn't aim for a surplus, but it was only in the red last year — owing to inflation, internal expansion and the postal strike.

Laboratory tests include the British Standard tests for safety and quality; taking a product to pieces to analyse the content and construction; and subjecting it to heat, cold, pressure, and damp, to see if it melts, burns, breaks, rusts or disintegrates.

When testing beds the British Standard test was used, with variations. A 14 stone roller was rolled from side to side across the mattress to simulate the usage of years. 250,000 rolls were reckoned roughly equivalent to 10 years' use.



To see how soft they were and whether this would last, resistance was measured to a standard weight at 6 points on the surface of the bed before and after the 250,000 rolls. To measure conformity (whether a heavy body would make a lighter one roll into its hollow) it was noted if a weight at one point was affected by the presence of an equivalent weight at another.

Which? reports are extremely practical. The aesthetics of design are deliberately not considered — not being amenable to objective testing. However, the variables involved in individual preference are frequently acknowledged. When trying to assess fibre tip pens they comment: 'many characteristics which we have assumed to be disadvantages — soaking through paper and not washing off clothes for instance — could be advantages to you, or anyway matters of indifference. And if you always lose pens two weeks after you buy them you won't care how long they would have lasted, (if you hadn't.)'

Similarly, having dismissed postal pre-paid diets as being no better than any others, they add that the fact of payment may make some people stick to

it better.

To a large extent the attitudes of Which? as well as its contents are a reflection of the subscribers, for better or worse. The bulk of Which? subscribers are solidly middle class although the latest survey showed a move down market towards the skilled working class.

But the middle class bias is inevitable — as they tend, initially, to subscribe to worthy causes. That it should have remained so, however, must be due partly to the middle class life-style implicit in Which? reports. Which? slimming guide includes sherry, white wine, artichokes, asparagus and aubergine.

Value for Money concludes the standard Which? report. This is laudable in its context since, if one is buying a product, getting good value is obviously of interest. But it has limitations, as the ultimate criterion, keeping up with the Jones's.



Another car, or washing machine, bought only to compete — is one of the nastier spin-offs of consumer society and one that Which? is not entirely innocent of promoting.

In a report on short term self-drive hire they say — 'you may even decide to boost your own ego or deflate someone else's by appearing in something decidedly expensive.'

Which? has been instrumental in encouraging many improvements, both by its presence and by active campaigning. The first issue carried a report on electric kettles. By the second issue they were able to report that one of the criticisms was already being rectified by the manufacturer concerned. Occasionally they will give a 'bad buy' where a dangerous fault is concerned. A successful campaign has been waged to introduce a bill outlawing exclusion clauses on guarantees which deprive the customer of his existing rights under the Sale of Goods Act, in return for lesser benefits under the guarantee. The Unsolicited Goods and Services Act which came into force in August 1971 is the end prod-

uct of a two year old Which? report.

The scope of the Consumers Association has continually increased. In 1962, they published the first of a series of books based on Which? research, but greatly expanded. The opening title was The Law for Consumers. Publications since then include The Legal Side of Buying a House, what to do if Someone Dies, The Law for Motorists, Getting a Divorce, Infertility, Treatment and Care in Mental Illness, The Good Food Guide. Their best seller is Contraception. These books can be ordered by the public through booksellers or direct from Which?, but 95% of their sales are to subscribers.

The C.A. are currently interested in setting up a new service on the lines of the existing one which deals with consumer enquiries by mail and telephone (about 50,000 enquiries a year). This would be a kind of Ombuds-which?, giving advice on such topics as civil rights, power of the local authorities, planning procedures, education, police powers, rights for the redundant and disabled.

While continuing the battle for a better deal for the consumer in the area where goods can be judged in terms of value for money, C.A. is extending their protection to the consumer as citizen. They are also trying to reach a wider audience. Which? has always been available to non-members in the lending and reference sections of the public library and the results of Which? research now appear in the Daily Mirror Shopping Guide. Their most interesting step, however, is the pioneering of Consumer Advice centres in this country. In October 1969, C.A. opened a centre in Kentish Town, London. In the two years during which it operated it was used by 40,000 people. The intention was to offer pre-shopping advice and to help and advise those who would not normally read Which?.

After an initial period of suspicion, relations with the local retailers were good. Some even referred uncertain shoppers to the centre.

The object of the centre, as seen by John Hosker, C.A.'s chief information officer, is to see that 'consumers who have previously been disenfranchised, get a vote'.

C.A. is basically a research organisation which does not have the funds or facilities to run the nation-wide network of consumer advice centres needed. This should be a state

service, and in several cases it is run by the local authority, with C.A. providing the staff training and the information bank. On the strength of C.A.'s experiment, the Camden Council has taken over and re-opened, after re-decoration, the centre in Kentish Town. Other local authority centres are planned for Havering, Greenwich, Lambeth and East Kilbride.

The form of a centre must depend on the area it serves. Ideally they should be in high-density, low-income areas. Depending on local circumstances they might be attached to the Citizens Advice Bureau (the building in Kentish Town was shared with the C.A.B.

who dealt with consumer complaints). Where a free legal advice service exists the centre could profitably be connected to that. Co-operation is necessary, in any case, with any other advisory services, particularly of course the Weights and Measures Department whose province it is to deal with any complaints involving the sale of under-weight or adulterated or defective goods.

Which?

Consumers Association,
14 Buckingham Street,
London WC2N 6DS

Cost: Which? — £2.50 per year.

Motoring Which?, Money
Which?, Handyman Which? —
£1.25 per year each.

by Caroline Younger illustrations by Ken White

america

Conscience pricks

Dear Editors,

My attention has been drawn to a report on night office cleaning published in your magazine recently under the title 'Clean up your conscience.'

I feel that I must stress that reputable companies such as my employers are not influenced by Organisations such as yours and I would have no difficulty in supplying proof that a lot of the remarks contained in the account on what is supposed to have happened at the Shell Centre in connection with night office cleaning are a complete fabrication. Believe me when I say that I know what I am talking about. I was in fact responsible for setting up this contract when the Shell Company first occupied the buildings after their removal from Crosby Square in the City where we also cleaned their premises.

It annoys me to see that a well meaning and, I am certain, a very responsible Organisation such as yours cheapens itself by printing a lot of untruths and hearsay in an effort to whip up feelings in people who really only have the wish to be left alone and get on with the jobs allocated to them. In my opinion both part time and full time day and night Office

Cleaners are the salt of the earth and they deserve help rather than being whipped up to do and say things which in the majority of cases, they regret at a later stage. I now look forward to your comment.

Yours faithfully,
N. Field. M.B.I.C.Sc.

Dear Editor,

With reference to your article in your first issue 'Clean up your conscience', I'd like to reply to Mr. N. Field who claims that he would 'have no difficulty in supplying proof that a lot of the remarks contained in the article' are not true. What would Mr. Field and 'his reputable organisation' know of the problems these women face working all night and returning home to care for young children during the day, and getting little sleep. Indeed, these women are 'the salt of the earth' — they are the exploited, underpaid, overworked and, until recently, unrepresented work force. The help which they 'need and deserve' is trade union membership, the right to a decent wage, decent working conditions, full nursery facilities for their children, the end of exploitation by Mr. Field and his like.

On behalf of the Cleaner's Action Group I would like to thank your magazine for its support.

Yours sincerely,
May Hobbs.

(May Hobbs, herself a night cleaner, has been instrumental in organising the Cleaner's Action Group.)



Margaret McGill

Some people see women's organisations as worthily devoted to domestic talents or serious suffrage discussions, the implication being that either way the programme is, (possibly) good – but dull. In practice, the members of any of the 100-plus organisations throughout the country testify time and again that their association with an official movement has made life more rewarding both in terms of self-improvement and friendships gained. Margaret McGill looks at some of these groups.

Health and Beauty

Looked on as a way of life rather than a system of exercises, the teaching method used by the League of Health and Beauty attracts women of all ages. It was founded in 1930 by Mrs. Mary Bagot Stack, who aimed primarily at improving the health of working class women, and she was described as "the British woman who probably did more for the physical well-being of the women of these islands than any other individual".

Her daughter, Prunella, has been the League's leader since her mother's death in 1935, and the movement today has a membership of 26,000 with 160 centres in the United Kingdom while overseas it has spread to Canada, Australia, South Africa, Rhodesia, New Zealand and Eire.

Prunella, now Mrs. Brian Power, says: "One of the most important things in today's world is to teach women how

to relax the tensions of their bodies and release the tensions of their minds.' She believes the work of the League is just as important now as it was in the days when her mother was a pioneer in helping women to get out of their kitchens and homes and enjoy themselves, loosening up and improving their health through classes accompanied by music.

Special classes are run for babies, pre- and ante-natal care, for deprived children, for patients in mental hospitals, and for women who have retired. Rallies are held at various places – last year there was a big rally in Scotland and next year's national rally will be held in Cardiff on May 19.

For further information contact the head teacher and organising secretary, Miss Peggy St. Lo, Beaumont Cottage, Ditton Close, Thames Ditton, Surrey.



league of health and beauty

Crime and Punishment

'If women's lib is ever going to mean anything then women must be prepared to face the same sentences as men, if they are caught committing a criminal act'. So says Peter Hamilton, ex-government security officer and author of several books on security and criminal activity — the latest 'Computer Security' shortly to be published.

He first became interested in women and crime two years ago when he lectured at a conference in America. Several women questioned him about the apparent leniency of women's sentences and this set him thinking.

'If it had been a man harbouring Ronald Biggs in Australia he would have been heavily sentenced, but as it was a woman everyone excused her. 'Protecting her husband', what are women supposed to be, incapable of making rational decisions and of realising the risks they may be running?

The trouble is that most judges are over 60, and still tend to think of the helpless little woman and treat her accordingly'. Judging by the 1971 crime statistics, it's time they changed their attitudes. In the under 21 group 11.3% more women were convicted than in 1970, as against 2.2% more men. In the 21 to 30 group the respective figures were 7.7% and minus 1.7% and in the 30 and over group, plus 8.3% to plus 1.7%. 'But on the whole,' Peter Hamilton continued, 'women tend not to

Everton's Kate



get caught so often. They tend to be smarter and more careful in their planning. Previously, women were often behind

crimes that men carried out, but now they are taking a far more active role. Look at the guerilla movements for instance. Bader Meinhof, Leila Caglid, Angela Davis, and nearer to home Anna Mendelson. All very powerful and intelligent women. There are even some all girl football gangs in the north. Everton's Kate is the leader of a gang whose chief delight is to go around beating up other gangs'.

Peter Hamilton feels very strongly that criminals are made through temptation rather than want.

Society is entirely to blame for the increase in crime.

And to quote Professor Radzinowicz 'what is indisputable is that higher levels of crime are an inevitable outcome of affluence'. 'Advertising is everywhere', he says, 'tempting you to buy things you really don't want and don't need. An owner of a well known supermarket said that if he did not lose between 3 and 4% of his stocks through shop lifting every year then he would sack his display manager and advertising team. How are people expected to resist the temptation if this is the sort of attitude of the manufacturers? And, of course, women are the first recipients of advertising and also the most vulnerable. It's hardly surprising that shoplifting is the main female crime. And putting people in jail for this does little use as the situation is the same when they come out'.

Accused: a Common Scold

New Jersey, USA, dispensed with an 1890 law under which a woman could be brought to court and punished for being a 'common scold' when the case of Mrs Marion Dunlevy was brought before the courts. She stated that she was a city person who could not conform to suburban way of life, but she would not go into further details of why she had been accused to being a common scold. The law applied only to women, forbidding them to be public 'nuisances' and prescribing ducking as a punishment. The case against Mrs Dunlevy was dismissed.

The Joy of Pornography

It has become quite common over recent years to hear about men being prosecuted for publishing obscene books or pornographic magazines. The trial of the International Times, Britain's oldest alternative paper, involves one girl — 28 year old Joy Farren. I.T. has been prosecuted for 'possessing obscene material for gain'. The obscene material in question was a comic book which the editors of the magazine produced after a demand from their readers for more comics. It's ironic, that Nasty Tales was almost entirely made up of comics that had been published previously in America where they had been accepted without a fuss. On the whole, Nasty Tales is a pretty harmless collection of cartoons which according to Joy, 'appeal to a masculine humour'. She doesn't even like the book very much but was roped in on the charge for several reasons. Firstly, when the police raided the I.T. offices the actual editors and other defendants, Mick Farren, Edward Barker and Paul Lewis were at a pop festival, Joy was on her own in the office. She was also company secretary, not in law a reason for prosecution about an editorial action, but apparently sufficient in this case. And lastly, a point which Joy thinks is very significant, she is married to Mick Farren, the ex-editor of I.T. What the husband is doing, the wife must surely know about, to hell with the fact that they separated some years ago.

The I.T. trial is due to start in September.

Joy Farren photograph by Penny Smith



A Mouse in my Soup

If it's true that we are what we eat, then we must all be fairly sorry specimens of humanity. For a lot of what we eat, even in these days of freezers and fancy wrappings, is a danger to our health.

Food bought in shops or eaten in restaurants may easily be stale or rotten, handled by dirty hands, vomited on by flies, contaminated with spittle, loaded with foreign bodies or dangerously undercooked.

Not that we haven't been warned. All summer long the London Centre of the Association of Public Health Inspectors has been running a Clean Food Campaign aimed at opening our eyes to the danger signals in pubs, shops and restaurants. Now that this has drawn to a close the PHI's are simply praying that apathy won't drown that interest aroused in the great consumer public.

The inspectors, themselves, are working hard to improve standards but have problems of their own to cope with. One is the chronic shortage of staff. In the borough of Westminster, which has 6,000 eating places, there are only five inspectors handling food control and seven visiting premises, which means some premises go unvisited for years at a stretch.

Other problems centre on the lack of closure powers for insanitary premises and inadequate fines on conviction. Last year there were 560 convictions in the 13 inner London boroughs, but the average fine was only £11.

Eleven pounds is nothing to a successful restaurateur or shop keeper. Only when trade drops off will he really start to worry, really make an effort to improve the standard of his premises. And that's where we come in.

"If only the people who buy food would demand the highest standards our job would be done,"

Said one PHI. As it is, conditions remain 'an absolute, bloody disgrace'.

So, if a shop, restaurant or pub seems in any way dirty or illkempt, report it; if the person serving you is smoking, has dirty fingernails or open sores, report it; if refrigerators seem overloaded, if stock seems jumbled, report it; if you are given a dirty beer glass, if there is a dog behind the bar, report it; if you see evidence of mice or rats, report it; if your cutlery is dirty, report it.

Reporting such incidents may present problems. PHI's, being human, vary in their enthusiasm for the job. The thing to do is to ring up your local authority, ask for the Public Health Department and then for an inspector dealing with food. Report your complaint and ask to be informed about any findings. If you then hear nothing, try the Chief Inspector. If you still hear nothing, try the Town Clerk.

Any foreign body, be it a neatly sliced mouse in the middle of a sliced loaf, a carefully canned lizard or one of the more common

finger nails or cigarette butts, should be sent to the local authority.

Don't be seduced by the manufacturer's money-back guarantee. This can often act as a good way of hushing up evidence of contamination.

There are many other ways consumers can hassle for cleaner food. Try asking to see the kitchens next time you go to a restaurant. You can be refused but it might make the owner sit up and take notice.

If food poisoning is suspected, visit or call the doctor and then report it to the local authority. Complain to the management about anything you find suspect or unsavory. Then, if nothing is done, boycott the place. Then tell your friends.

After all, clean food is not just a cue for the 'Waiter-there's-a-fly-in-my-soup' joke, it's a necessity. Food poisoning costs an estimated 400 million man-hours per year. In 1970 it caused 8,000 cases of illness and 38 deaths. And these figures, say the PHI's, are only the known ones, only the tip of the iceberg.

Poisonous Ward Ten

Where do you stand the best chance of being poisoned — in a restaurant, a works canteen, a school canteen or a hospital? Answer: in a hospital.

Which one of these public institutions does not allow public health inspectors to examine their premises? Answer: only the hospital.

Crown privilege which has protected hospitals from the scrutiny of public health inspectors has clearly helped to cover up another public scandal in the health service. The lid was lifted off last year when for the first time a public health inspector was invited to join a regional hospital board team examining, among other things, the hygiene of hospital kitchens in a West Midlands area. This report remains un-

published but the inspectors revealed recently that their colleagues had discovered deficiencies that would not be tolerated in the private sector.

The last available statistics showing the incidence of general outbreaks of food poisoning are for 1968. In that year, 66 hospitals, 36 restaurants, 26 canteens, and 21 schools are believed to have caused general outbreaks.



Bare Necessities

Maybe the days of living on the bare necessities are over for some American Strippers. Jennie ('44 and plenty more') Lee plans to start the Exotique Dancers League which will provide trade union type benefits for its members. Jennie intends to set up an old age home and a pension fund and she is campaigning for federal welfare aid for strippers when their jobs are taken away from them. 'Stripping is as American as cowboys and Indians', she says, and she obviously intends to cushion her sisters against the arrows of misfortune.

Theme for a Dream

Did you know that the ideal girl has long blond hair with ribbons, eyes of blue and always wears a dress, not jeans? Well, that is the view of 40 6-year old boys who were questioned by a firm of baby and children's wear manufacturers to find out what type of little girl should be used to model a feature from the firms new range. They apparently didn't think to ask the little girls what sort of image they would like to be represented, apparently conditioning starts young these days!





Angela Phillips

'Cohabitation' Protest

On August 25 the claimants union organised a mass demonstration at Alexander Fleming House as the culmination of a week of protest against the 'cohabitation clause'.

This clause is part of the 1966 Social Security Act and it states that persons co-habiting as man and wife are liable to a cut in their social security, or, if the woman is getting benefit and the man is not her benefit can be cut off completely. The first anomaly is that a couple of different sexes assumed to be sleeping together can claim on £9.45 a week while people of the same sex living together can claim separately and will

get £11.60 between them. (Presumably the government believes seriously that one can live on love!)

The second problem and one which has even worse repercussions is the effect of the clause on unsupported mothers, 230,000 of them. The Government is virtually forcing these women into a situation where they must prostitute themselves or do without sex. Their lives are closely observed by a group of special investigators who are there expressly for the purpose of making sure that no woman collecting social security is having anything that resembles a stable sexual relationship with a man. If she is seen to

have a man around it is assumed that he is supporting both her and her children and her benefit is cut off. Women are expected to be dependent on men and the government does not recognise the fact that a woman can enjoy sex without being paid for it.

The Male Voice

Male voice choirs are back in vogue in Wales again. After years in the doldrums, about a dozen new choirs have been formed over the last couple of years bringing the total up to

an estimated 92. But at the same time mixed choirs are suffering a decline. The conductors say the men are joining to escape from the domestic scene.

Costly Ladies

Quote of the month: From Mr. Martin Jukes, director general of the Engineering Employers Federation, talking of the latest pay deal which will give rises of between £2 and £6 a week to three million male engineers, and a rise of £5 a week for 23,500 female engineers:

"The most expensive part of this agreement is the women."

Cable Com- munication

Britain's first community television channel started transmitting programmes in Greenwich on 3rd July. The thirteen thousand Cablevision subscribers in the area can now receive a one-hour long local news programme every day.

Viewers in the Greenwich area of south-east London normally have poor reception of broadcast television because of local conditions so Cablevision developed a cable network. People in the area could receive five tv channels from this cable; for 15p a week they could get London, Southern and Anglia as well as BBC 1 and 2. Now they can also watch a locally made programme on the sixth channel.

Four researchers, two cameramen and a production manager make the one-hour show, local people pop in with information and others offer part-time help. They have one small studio in which they pre-record discussions and news items and they are building another. Local people will get used to seeing the cameramen out on the streets with their small portable television packs filming everything from housewives shopping to a school concert. Usually the programmes are pre-recorded — they have transmitted 'live' but they reckon it wasn't very successful.

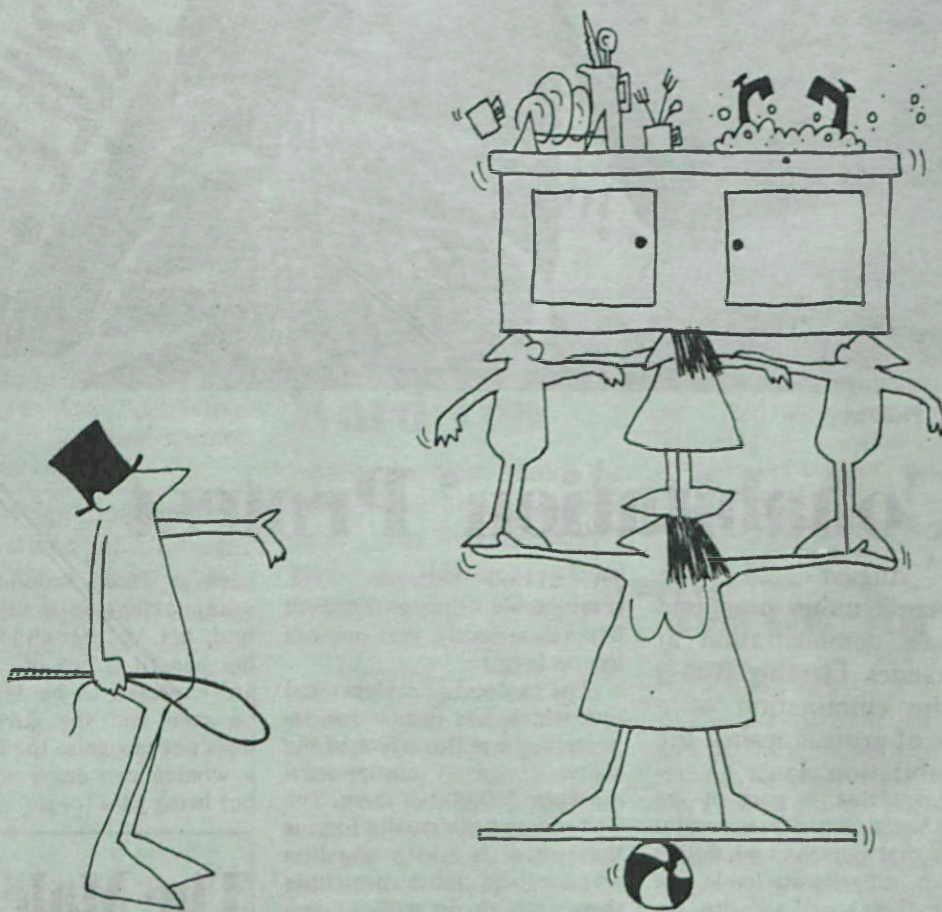
If the Greenwich Cablevision experiment is a success cable network programmes in other areas will follow. Of course, being commercial organizations the cable owners' aims are to make profits even though they cannot transmit advertising and have to run on subscriptions. We will have to wait and see how much local access and participation they will allow. The Minister of Posts and Telecommunications is considering licensing up to five other cable networks to make locally originated programmes so hopefully we can look forward to a series of community television channels covering the whole of the U.K.

In the last issue we reviewed the work of Maggie Norton and mentioned that she was planning an exhibition this autumn. The dates for this have now been changed and are as follows: Clothes Exhibition at the Camden Arts Centre from the 20th September: Wallhangings at the Revival of Art in Needlework Exhibition at Celanese House, Hanover Square, London W1 from the 19th to the 28th September.

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Them

continued from page 13

Not just photos, I said, what dirty photos? I can't see that helping you and Sidney.

Photos aid arousal, said Cheryl.

I didn't know you needed rousing, I said.

Sometimes, Cheryl said huffily. But I tell you, she said, there's more to it than that.

What, I said.

Devices, she said.

That's perversion, I said.

No it is not, she said, I don't mean whips and whatnot, funny how you're always on about perversion. No, this is healthy stuff okay. Our chinaman has just the job for me and Sidney.

What's that, I said in a disbelieving way.

Goats eyelashes, she said.

What are you talking about Cheryl, I said.

Yes, she said, imported from Germany.

I don't know what you mean, I said, are you having me on.

Nope, she said, when they kill goats in Germany they cut off the eyelashes with the bit of skin they're on in a circle round the eye and paste them onto French letters. My goodness, she said, you've never felt anything quite like it it's that exciting. You're joking, I said.

I'll show you, Cheryl said. This Sam imports them by the hundred.

I'm squeamish, I said.

They won't hurt you, Cheryl said. Sidney only bought a few they're quite expensive. Mind, he had a cheaper line, cherry pink with corrugated rubber frills from Hong Kong. It ought to make some difference to Sidney that's what I'm thinking, said Cheryl.

The funny thing is my friend really did seem to get better. She and Sidney began to have sex by themselves. I was amazed. Just think John, I said one day to my husband, how happy all those other wife swappers in Somerset would be to have these devices. I believe there would be a substantial demand for frilly French letters in spite of the pill. Old habits die hard.

Idle remarks. But I got to wondering whether it wouldn't be doing someone a great kindness if these things were available down here in the country. John and I are saving for our holiday at Weymouth and I could do with an extra little job now the kiddies are all at school. I don't believe in being lazy. Or in sitting back if you can help others. The vicar says too many folk sit back. People should make a push, he says.

Copyright 1972 Rosalind Belben. Rosalind Belben is the author of *Bogies*, published in September by New Authors.

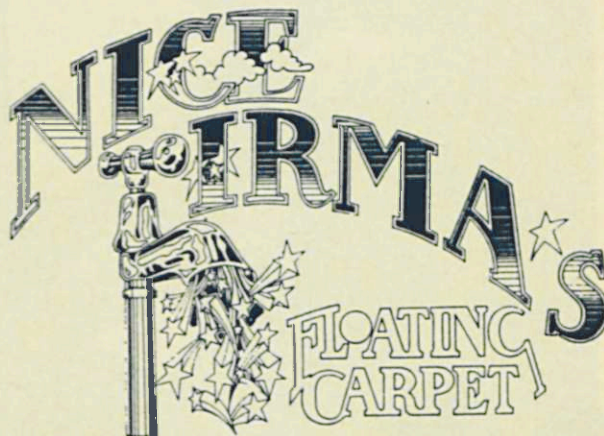
In the last issue we ran a story by Edna O'brian entitled Night. This was in fact an extract from her new book 'Night' due to be published in September by Widenfield & Nicholson.

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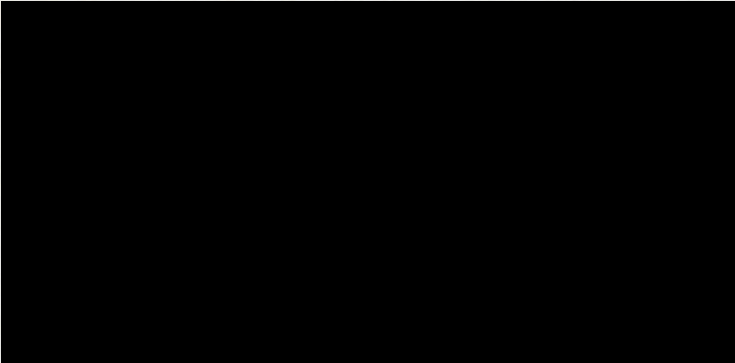
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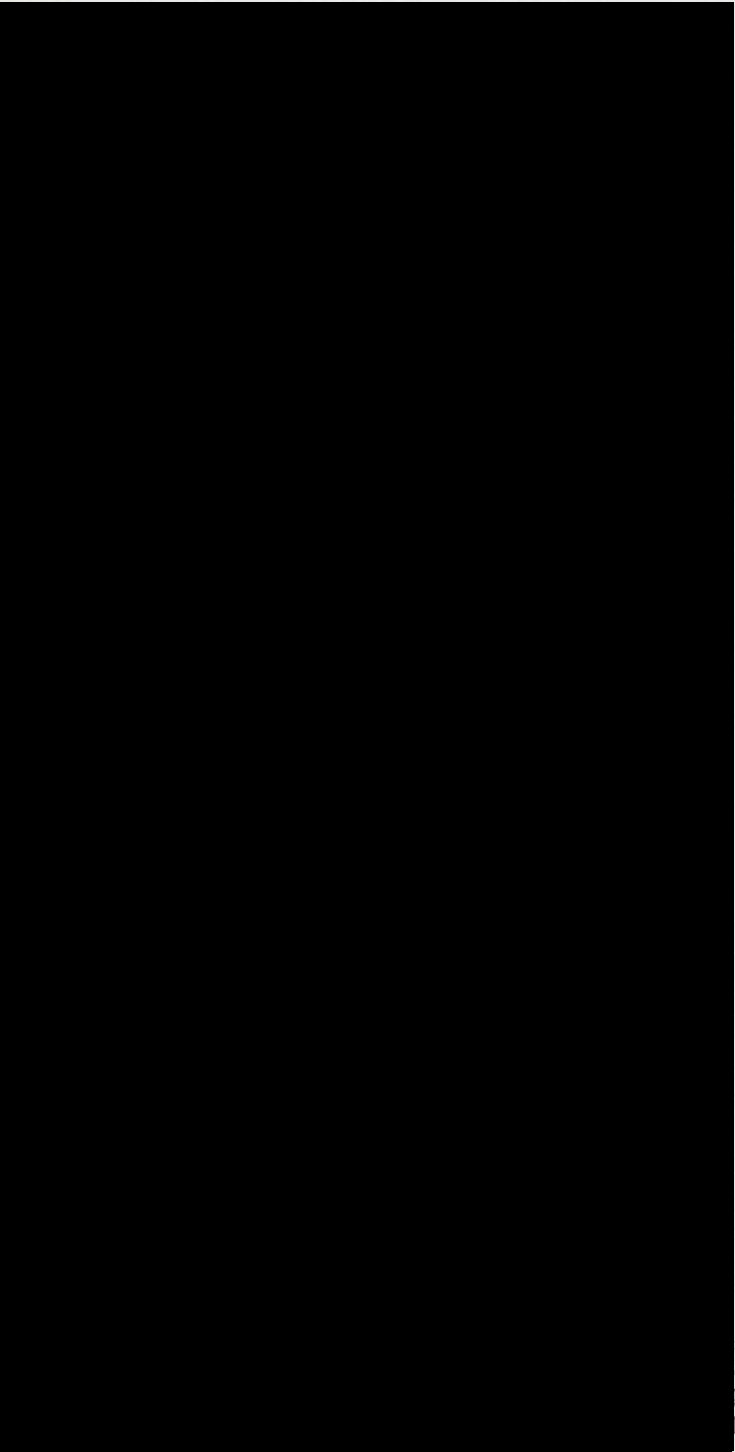


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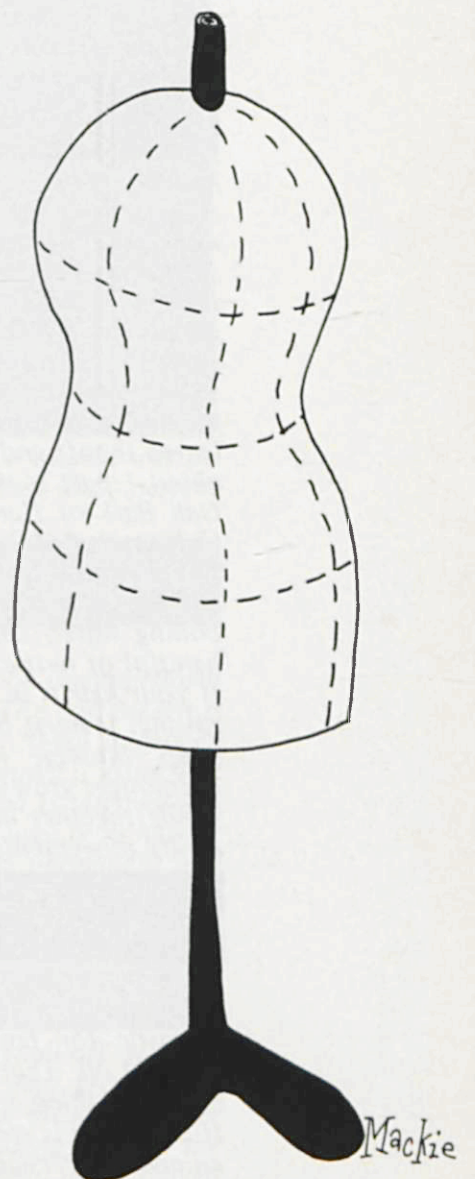
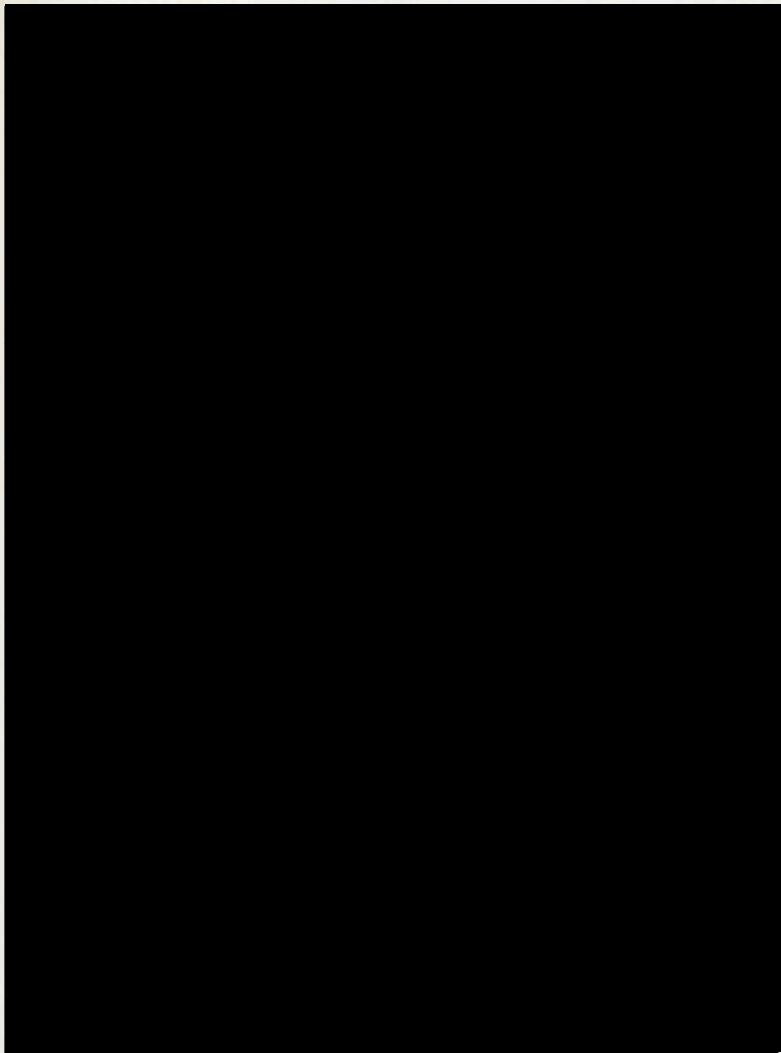












splitting hairs

by Clare Maxwell-Hudson

Hair au naturel can be a problem. On the head it has to be thicker or grow faster, or look and feel better; on the legs, face and underarms it has to be made to disappear. Or does it? With a little care, all hair can be beautiful, so try keeping it your own way.

Let's start with the head. If it looks good, we feel good; if it looks ghastly we feel a mess. Start by making sure it's clean. Since hair reflects general health and is affected by tension, overwork and illness, go to your doctor or to a trichologist if it still seems awful, even though you've tried everything. Hair needs attention, needs to be kept clean, oiled and massaged. Once you've got split ends, all you can do is to have them trimmed a little at a time. Despite all that is written about the wonders of protein shampoo now flooding the market, they do absolutely nothing for split ends. Hair grows, on average, about one-quarter to one-half inch a month (and faster in warmer weather). Split ends, trimmed bit by bit, won't show too much. So your hair looks stronger.

Some people worry when they see a lot of hair in their brush, but a normal scalp can lose up to 50 hairs a day, and keep them replaced. The old 'brush 100 times a day' is now considered a myth: too much brushing has been found to make the hair greasier than it need be, and to encourage splitting at the ends. Some experts advise using only a widely-spaced comb and to start combing the tangles at the bottom and then work up. Others, especially in the USA, expect you to do a lot of brushing with a soft brush — but only when clean. The fact is that you should try both methods and use the one which suits you. It's important to remember that brushes should never be used on wet hair — again, use the widely-spaced comb.

Making your own shampoo is hardly worth the bother. Instead, use the cheapest one you find suitable and mix a small quantity of it with a beaten raw egg. Then just wet the hair, and use the mixture like any ordinary shampoo. The protein in the egg will make the hair shiny and manageable. Rinsing is really important, for dry hair finish with warm water and for greasy hair give a final rinse with cold water.

Rinses? There are masses you can make. For blonde hair: use either a weak solution of lemon juice, or infuse a handful of German camomile flowers in a pint of boiling water. Strain when cool, and use. This brightens the hair and leaves it soft and shiny. Dark hair: rinse with a weak solution of vinegar — about 1 part to 4 parts of water. Bringing out red highlights: use either Red Oak Bark or Henna herb (not the powder) either of which you can get at Culpeper's. * Make a strong infusion, strain and use as the final rinse.

For dandruff or falling hair, rinse with an infusion made from boiling water and either rosemary, sage or thyme: a couple of tablespoons to a pint of boiling water. One of the oldest and best hair tonics is made by boiling a handful of nettle roots in vinegar. Use it either as a rinse or to massage with. If your hair is in really bad shape, it needs more than just shampooing and rinsing: it must be conditioned. Heat some olive oil and massage it into the scalp. Massage loosens the scalp and improves the circulation, hence encourages growth and gives elasticity to the hair. Start the massage with the hands together at the top of the head. Using the balls of the fingers, make rotary movements, working over the entire scalp.

Once you've mastered this, you'll find it so easy and restful that you'll be doing it often in spare moments, watching telly, on the bus... and its fantastic for tensions and headaches, too. Another good conditioner is coconut oil. That's what Indian and Mexican women use — and they've got masses of thick, healthy hair.

If your hair is really bad, and especially if you are losing a lot of it, there is an ancient Persian remedy which really works. Scoop out the marrow from a bone, melt it and massage it into the scalp each night for a week or two. Marrow is very rich protein, and that's why it's good. Wrap your head in a scarf to protect your pillow, and wash it off the next morning. This is a



really messy and very smelly treatment: but I used it once when I was on holiday. I reckoned one looks so terrible at the beach that that was a perfect time: The results were terrific.



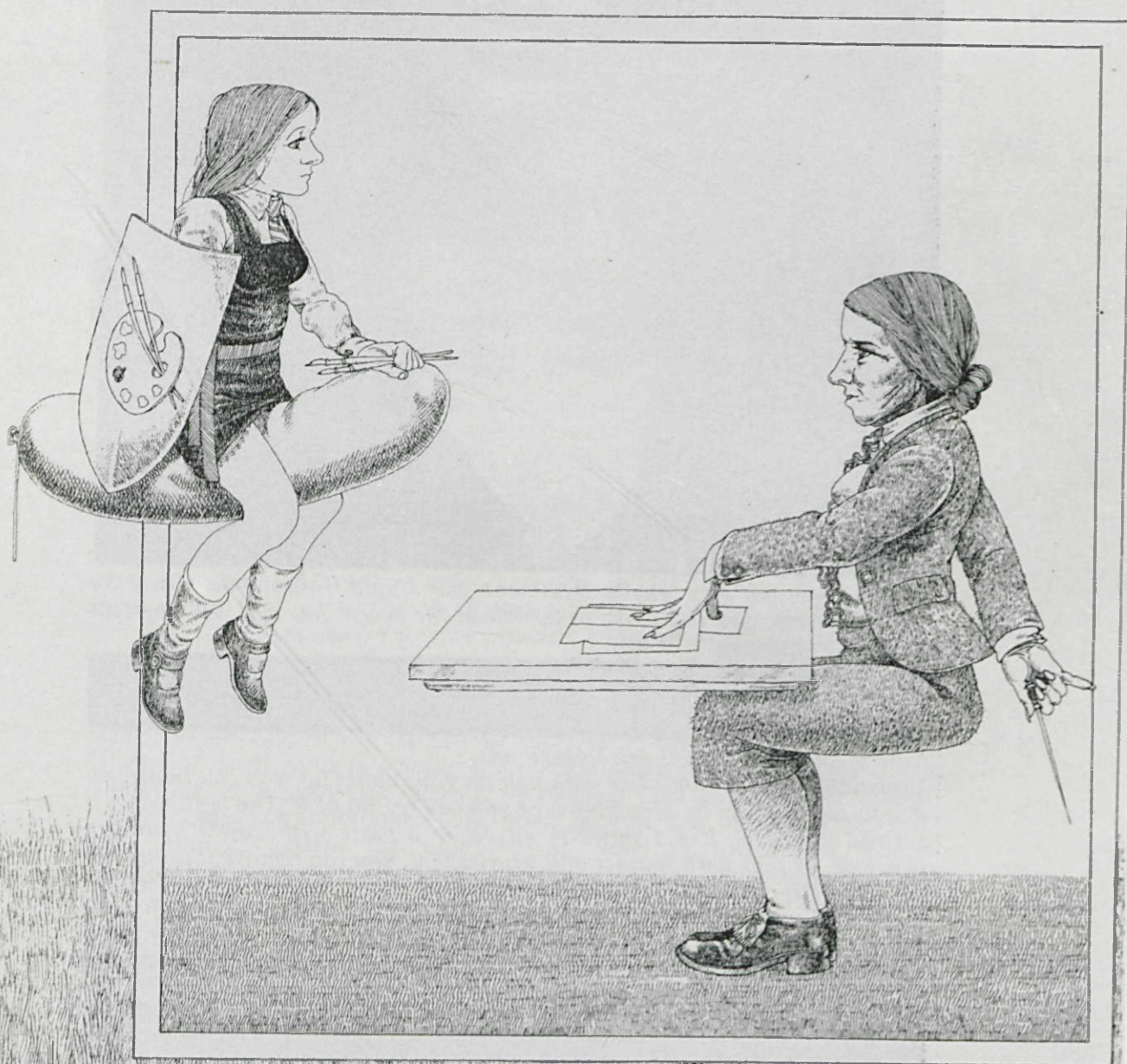
Now the hair the world's not so keen on:

Moustache: If you don't like dark hair on your upper lip, you can transform it into blond down by bleaching it or you can get rid of it. The best bleach is L'Oreal Platinum Blond powder, mixed to a paste with 20-vol hydrogen peroxide. If that dark smudge still worries you, you can remove it using wax or a depilatory, although I don't think that either method is satisfactory; they tend to strengthen the growth in the end. The best way is to have it professionally removed by depilation (electrolysis). This is permanent and although it might seem expensive, I think it's worth it – you'll never have to bother about it again.



Legs and Underarms: The most usual approach is to shave it all off. It is the quickest way of removing it, but it can be a drag. The hair grows back quickly and cactuslike legs can be revolting. The alternatives: bleaching, after letting it grow. If the growth isn't heavy, it looks pretty. Waxing is about the best method, and usually lasts 4 to 6 weeks. If you wish you'd never started shaving in the first place, the advantages of waxing are that the hair grows back sparser and softer – and I think it looks sexy.

**Culpeper, Main Office, 21 Bruton Street, London W.1.*



Day of decision

By Kenneth Moore. Illustration: Jo Wright

Susan eagerly listened to Alison as they walked together during morning break. That morning Alison had been having her interview with Miss Carpenter, the Careers Mistress, and Susan was keen to know how things had gone. She asked: 'Did you actually tell her you wanted to be an air hostess?' 'Of course.'

'Whatever did the Carp say?'

'Properly looked down her nose at me. Said I ought to be more ambitious and all that rot. Then she said if I went in for that sort of job I should need languages, and mine weren't so hot, were they? I said I could speak the language men understood.'

'Alison! You didn't!'

'For sure I did and that needled the Carp no end.' Alison paused as the bell rang:

'What a bind! Must go though. Bye now. Don't let the Carp pressurise you.'

Susan watched her friend go and wished she had some of Alison's assurance. Her own interview with Miss Carpenter, in half an hour's time, would be vastly different from Alison's light-hearted discussion. It was bound to be. Alison didn't care a rap what Miss Carpenter did or didn't say, whereas Susan minded very much. She was certain she wanted to go to Art School. Her parents were rather doubtful and she desperately needed Miss Carpenter's backing.

As Susan padded down the corridor, she found to her disgust she was clenching her knuckles. This wasn't following the advice that she should be as natural and relaxed as possible for an interview. She paused and did her best to uncoil. Even so, she still felt a little tensed up when she reached the door. Since there was an engaged notice showing, she took a seat in the corridor. Some other blighter was going through it, she thought.

After a while, the door knob was turned and a girl appeared still talking to Miss Carpenter. It was Margaret Field and in her hand she clutched a pamphlet 'Banking: Scope for Women'. As she came out, Margaret said:

'Thank you very much, Miss Carpenter. Yes, I will bring the pamphlet back tomorrow. I know my father will be ever so grateful to you for letting him see it.'

Susan got up from her chair and thought what a horror Margaret was, the absolute 'yes' girl. Fancy, sticking herself in a bank just because Miss Carpenter recommended it. She couldn't help thinking of Alison's wise-crack 'that if the Carp advised Margaret to become a sewer rat, she would at once start preparing her dungarees'.

Susan found Miss Carpenter immaculately groomed, dressed in a gay little suit with a frilly blouse. The Carp, Susan reflected, always made a point of being better dressed than the other teachers. She looked on these occasions as if she were living up to her favourite dictum:

'Other things being equal, and even if other things aren't quite equal, the candidate who will get the post will be the one who has taken the most trouble with her appearance.'

In contrast to the rather sprightly Miss Carpenter, there was a somewhat austere look to the room. Prominent was the fawn coloured steel filing cabinet. The five drawers were packed end to end with pamphlets and literature on careers. Alison asserted

it contained everything from the oldest profession to the latest. She and Alison had often amused themselves inventing titles for some of the contents: *Women in Law—Getting down to your briefs. Aerobatic Parachuting—An opportunity for drop-outs. Prison Wardress—You need to be in good nick for this.*

Equally important was the card index known throughout the school as the Carp's C.I.D. file. Kept there were records of each girl's progress. In fact all sorts of rumours were rife. Wide-eyed third formers were told that accounts would be kept of all their misdemeanours, ranging from sucking sweets in class to the final crime of holding hands with a long-haired youth in a questionable discotheque.

The decor of the room was completed by two enormous sombre-looking vases.

Miss Carpenter received Susan with her customary ingratiating smile. She knew this was intended to put her at ease but Susan always found that smile off-putting. Miss Carpenter expertly flicked through her index cards and took out Susan's records.

'Let me see, Susan. When we last spoke, you had thoughts of Art School. What are your feelings now?'

Susan tried to make her voice sound as determined and flexible as possible as she replied that Art School was still her aim; indeed, her only aim. This statement caused Miss Carpenter to frown with her eyes while still continuing to smile with her lips. Susan made a mental note to compare with Alison this facial ability of the Carp's.

Next moment Miss Carpenter was giving her opinion of an Art career. The denunciation flowed from her lips as readily as Susan remembered her once extolling nursing.

'Fraught with uncertainty—the big top rewards going only to the few—the large number who fell by the wayside.'

As she listened Susan thought that if all careers advisers were like the Carp, there would soon be a wholesale closure of Art Schools. When at length Miss Carpenter came to a stop, Susan said: 'Yes Miss Carpenter, I realise all this, of course, but all the same I want to take a chance, really I do.'

'Well now, let me see what your last report on Art was.' Miss Carpenter again consulted her records. She read:

'Has a very good sense of composition, but so far has achieved only mediocre draughtmanship.'

'You see, you do need to think very carefully.' Obviously, Susan was going to be given the full treatment. Next, Miss Carpenter asked:

'After Art, what is your second choice?' What a question! For years Susan's parents and teachers had been pressing her to make up her mind on what she wanted to do when she left school. Now, when she had come to a firm decision, here was the Carp not merely throwing cold water on her ambition, but positively trying to drench her with a cold douche.

Second choice indeed! She was tempted to say: 'Well, I suppose I could become a strip tease artist'. At least this would defeat the Carp's careers file. She couldn't delve into a drawer and emerge with a pamphlet 'Stripping—a career in which you can reveal your best points'. Susan didn't put her impulse into words; she just hadn't got Alison's nerve. Miss Carpenter was not at all put off by Susan's silence. She went on briskly:

continued on page 38



SEWEL

"Think of all the years we wasted just swapping presents."

Day of decision:

continued from page 35

'Perhaps it will help you if I remind you of the more usual careers.' She worked through the list assiduously:

'Nurse, teacher, social worker, physio-therapist, dispenser, librarian, civil servant, secretary-typist.' This last was said with special emphasis. Ignoring Susan's down-cast look, Miss Carpenter went on:

'There are so many opportunities in the commercial world.'

As the Carp continued with her patter, Susan's brain beat out a rhythm:

'Clickety-click, so many words a minute, so many pages an hour, so many letters a day, and what letters!

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your esteemed order of even date. Unfortunately, we have discontinued the line of merchandise you specify. However, in place of triangular-headed tin tacks we are supplying round-headed types.

We remain,

Clickety-click, clickety-click.'

By this time, Miss Carpenter was looking again at the records.

'Your Form mistress says your English is good. Grammar and spelling excellent, and she comments most favourably on the neat and tidy presentation of your work. These are qualities which should admirably fit you for commercial life.' The Carp, thought Susan, was behaving as if she were a super saleswoman in a boutique. The sort that assured you that the scar she was trying to sell perfectly matched the colour of your eyes.

Susan glanced up at the grim vases standing on the tables on either side. By some quirk of imagination they resembled not so much vases as drum-type containers she'd once seen piled high in a factory. The Carp went on and on:

'The pay prospects are astonishingly good, quite astonishing. Salary scales for good secretaries are such that many men would be glad to accept them.'

Now the huge vases were positively leering at Susan. Suddenly, she realised why she was associating them with factory products. Of course, it was because of the talk she had listened to in her last English period on Dickens. Susan didn't put much store by modern art, but now such an inspiration came to her. She pictured a composite image, half Miss Carpenter and half a Dickensian Gradgrind figure. The left half dressed in a frilly blouse, the right in frockcoat and waistcoat.

When at length Miss Carpenter paused, Susan blurted out:

'But I couldn't stand a blacking factory.' This remark completely put the Carp off her stride. Susan made a mental note of how to describe later to Alison the look of astonishment on her face.

'A factory! Surely nobody has ever suggested that.' Alison's advice came to Susan's mind. 'When you've got her groggy, deliver the body punch.' Taking a deep breath, she said:

'Yes, the blacking factory. Charles Dickens and all that, I mean. The way he was shoved into a factory and made to do all sorts of menial jobs when all the time he knew that he wanted to write. I don't want that sort of thing to happen to me.' Susan hadn't expressed herself as well as she could have wished, and certainly Alison would have done better, but it clearly got Miss Carpenter rattled. She put away the pamphlets on 'Opportunities for Secretaries'. In a very pained tone of voice she said:

'Susan, the last thing I want to do is to push you into anything against your will. The whole School would be delighted if you became a successful artist. I shouldn't be doing my duty though, unless I pointed out the difficulties that are going to confront you. It seems only right to tell you that a successful career as a secretary is within your grasp, if you want it.'

This story is now yours to continue, as we don't have an ending. Please send all continuations to Spare Rib, 9, Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS, and we'll pay £5 for each one published.

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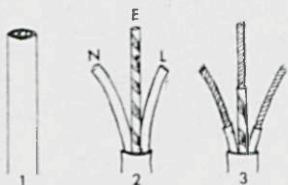
SIMPLE ELECTRICS

Wires and plugs may not be the most exciting of topics, but they can be the niggling little thing that hangs you up when you want to do something.....
- so, once and for all....:

1. changing a plug.

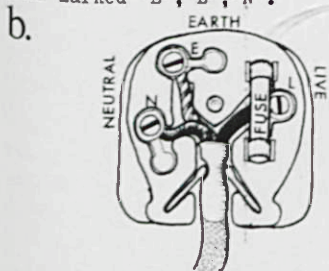
1. Take the cord and if it is an old one, trim it off neatly at the end.
2. Cut back the outer covering to expose about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of the three wires.
3. Cut back the Neutral and Live wire to approx 1 inch. Then remove about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the rubber covering to expose the wire and twist this tightly snipping off any stray strands.

a. PREPARING THE FLEX



WHICH WIRE GOES WHERE.

In a three core flex you should find one of the two sets of colours below. Most important is the EARTH wire (yellow/green or green) which must go to the largest pin at the top of the plug.
The LIVE wire goes to the right under the fuse if it is a fused plug.
The NEUTRAL to the left. The new standardised British plugs have the pins marked 'E', 'L', 'N'.



Standard Colours.

1
Earth :yellow/green or green.....E
Live :brown.....or red.....L
Neutral:blue.....or black.....N

CONNECTING A THREE PIN PLUG (fig.b)

Remove cover of plug, and tuck the flex with the three bared wires under the strip of fibre, or between the plastic grips at the base of the plug. Adjust the length of the wires so that they coil round the screws in a clockwise direction, and lie flat in the plug. Make sure that there are no loose strands of wire. Tighten up the screws and replace the top.

In a TWO PIN PLUG, you should use a two cord flex. (I.E. one that isn't earthed). The wires are not always coloured as it doesn't matter which side they go on. If you are using a three core flex, cut off the earth right inside the flex covering and treat it as a two cord flex. Do NOT let the earth wire inside the plug as it might touch one of the other wires and make the appliance live.

If you are trying to fix a TWO CORE flex to a THREE PIN plug, ignore the largest pin at the top, the EARTH pin, and attach the wires to the Neutral and Live on the left and right. However it is much safer to fit it properly with a three core flex.

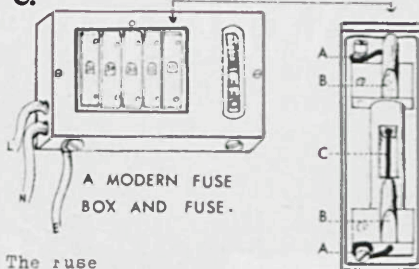
2. mending a fuse

It is always advisable to use FUSED plugs.

A 5 amp fuse corresponds to a 5 amp plug, a 13 amp fuse to a 13 amp plug etc. When buying a plug always state what appliance it is for. You should never connect 13 amp appliances to the light socket, as they are only meant to take 5 amps, so you are likely to overload the circuit which can be very dangerous.

- 2 amps: Up to 480 watts. Blue fuse (lamps, radios, record players)
5 amps: Up to 1200 watts. Grey fuse (irons, toasters, small fires)
10 amps: Up to 2400 watts. Yellow fuse (electric kettles, large fires)
13 amps: Up to 3000 watts. Brown fuse (very large fires, washing machines)

c.



The fuse

- A...to remove the wire undo these screws.
- B...the pins that slot the fuse into the mains box.
- C...centre hole through which you can see if the wire has broken. Old fuses do not always have this hole, but you can usually see the burn marks round the holes at either end.

BLOWN FUSES

Try to keep a collection of spare fuses for the plugs, a card of assorted fuse wire an electrical small screwdriver, and a torch. Find the main fuse box and SWITCH IT OFF. (get the torch first...) Also switch off all other points in the house to avoid flooding the circuit as soon as the main fuse box is turned on again. Unscrew or unhinge the covering plate, and take out each fuse in turn. Each fuse belongs to its own socket, so take them out and replace them in turn making sure to keep them the right way up. In the fuse that has blown you will be able to see the burnt and broken wire. Unscrew the wire from the ends (A) remove all bits and replace with new fuse wire OF THE SAME AMPAGE. Replace the fuse, check that they are all the right way up, close the box, THEN switch on again. If the power doesn't go on, you have either not screwed the wire in properly, or changed the wrong fuse, or there is a major fault in the wiring system. In the last case call the electrician.... If it blows again almost immediately then you have not used the correct ampage wire or you are overloading the system.

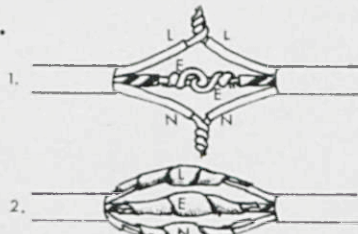
The illustrated fuse box and fuse are modern ones. There are innumerable different types of old ones, that may look evil and daunting, but do work on the same system as the illustrated.

3. joining two cords.

...if you must...

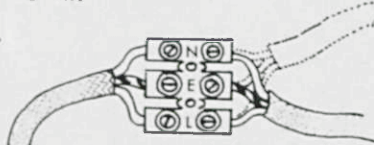
However, electricians say that this is or can be most dangerous, and you really should have a new flex fitted. It is dangerous if you mix up the wires and don't insulate properly. Also if it is attached to a mobile appliance you are likely to pull the wires apart and they might touch each other.

d.



It is most important to insulate them individually. Although some people use Sellotape, it is much safer to use proper insulating tape. When you have separated them with the tape, bind the whole section right across the break.

e.



E. These junction boxes can be bought in long strips and broken off as you want to use them. They are best used where the cord is not hanging free, but inside a box or attached out of reach (e.g. inside a record player). With these you can break one cord and add in another as the dotted flex in Fig. E. However you are likely to overload if you add on, say, an iron to a blow heater... so only do this with low voltage appliances.

Volt: is the UNIT of electrical pressure. Standard Domestic voltage in G.B. is 240 volts. However not every house is standardised. You might find you have 200 or 220 volts. Check that the voltage of your appliance matches that of your house.

AMPS or ampere unit of current, the quantity of electricity flowing per quantity of electricity flowing per second in a closed circuit. Cables, switches and sockets are rated in Amps. This gives you the TOTAL amount of electricity you can take from the circuit. Overloading is when you plug, e.g. an electric cooker (30 to 40 amps) into a 13 amp socket. Although an adaptor enables 2 appliances to be plugged in together, it does not strengthen the capacity of the cable....

WATT. Unit of electrical POWER. The rate at which electricity is being used and being converted into light, heat or power. 1000 watts = 1KW. The Kilowatt is used to measure the supply of electricity to the consumer. An appliance rated at 1 kilowatt and used for one hour will consume "One kilowatt-hour" of energy - that is one UNIT of electricity. That's how they work out your bill.

The Spare Parts section on Shoe Repair advertised for this issue will appear later in the Autumn when I have found a friendly shoe repairer to take me on for the day!

Stephanie Gilbert

*“Nothing is more beautiful than a guitar,
save perhaps two . . .”*

CHOPIN

Together Julian Bream John Williams

SB6862



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